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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The

Two Angry Women of Abingdon,

BY

HENRY PORTER.

1599

Date of the first known edition, ... 1599
(*British Museum C* 34. *d.* 55.)

Another impression also issued in . . . . . 1599.
(*British Museum*, 162. *d.* 55.)

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1911.

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

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Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

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The Two Angry Women of Abingdon,

BY

HENRY PORTER.

1599

From "Henslowe's Diary" and other sources, it would appear that Porter wrote several plays. The only one extant is "The Two Angry Women of Abingdon," now facsimiled from a copy of the earliest known edition in the British Museum. Another impression was issued the same year: of this there is one perfect example in the British Museum (Press-mark 162, *d.* 55*) and two copies in the Bodleian.*

The second of these was reprinted by Dyce in 1841 *for the Percy Society; the first was used by Professor Gayley of the University of California as the basis of his text of the play in "Representative English Comedies"* (1903). *Dr. Gayley's "introduction" is the most important study of Porter that has yet appeared; no student can afford to neglect this critical essay, embracing as it does, all the discovered facts of Porter's life, a conjectural attempt at the identity of the man, his place in the dramatic activities of his day, together with a discussion of the vexed question of the lost parts of the Abingdon triad.*

Mr. J. A. Herbert, of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum, after comparing this facsimile with the original copy, says that "it is for the most part excellent: slightly too heavily printed pages are B 1 *verso,* B 2 *recto,* B 4 *recto, and* C 2 *recto."*

JOHN S. FARMER.

PLEASANT HISTORY OF

the two angry women
of Abington.

With the humorous mirth of *Dicke Coomes* and *Nicholas Prouerbes*, two Seruingmen.

As it was lately playde by the right Honorable the Earle of Nottingham, Lord high Admirall his seruants.

By *Henry Porter* Gent.

Imprinted at London for William Ferbrand, and are to be solde at his shop at the corner of Colman streete neere Loathbury.
1599.

The names of the speakers.

M. Goursey.	Phinip.	Nicholas Prouerbs.
Mist. Goursey.	Boy.	Sir Raph Smith.
M. Barnes.	Mall Barnes.	Will sir Raphes man.
Mist Barnes.	Dick Coomes.	
Franke Goursey.	Hodge.	

The Prologue.

Gentlemen, I come to yee like one that lackes and would borrow, but was loath to aske least hee should be denied: I would aske, but I would aske to obtaine: O would I knewe that manner of asking: to beg were base, and to cooche low and to carry an humble shew of entreatie, were too Dog-like that fawnes on his maister to get a bone from his Trencher: out Curre I cannot abide it, to put on the shape and habit of this new worlds new found beggars, mistermed Souldiers, as thus: sweet Gentlemen, let a poore Scholler implore and exerate, that you would make him rich in the possession of a mite of your fauours, to keep him a true man in wit, and to pay for his lodging among the Muses: so God him helpe he is driuen to a most low estate, tis not vnknowne what seruice of words he hath been at, he lost his lims in a late conflict of stoute, a brauer pulse and whot assault it was, he doth protest, as euer he saw since hee knewe what the report of a volley of iestes were, he shall therefore desire you: A plague vpon it, each Beadle disdaine I would whip him from your companie. Well Gentlemen, I cannot tell howe to get your fauours better then by desert: then the worse lucke, or the worse wit or some what, for I shall not now deserue it. Welcome then, I commit my selfe to my fortunes, & your contents, contented to dye, if your seuere iudgements shall iudge me to be stung to death with the Adders hisse.

The pleasant Comedy of the *two angry Women of* Abington.

Enter Master Goursey *and his wife, and Master* Barnes *and his wife, with their two sonnes, and their two seruants.*

Maister Goursey.

GOod maister *Barnes*, this entertaine of yours,
So full of courtesie and rich delight,
Makes me misdoubt my poore ability,
In quittance of this friendly courtesie.
M. Bar. O master *Goursey*, neighbour amitie,
Is such a iewell of high reckoned worth:
As for the attaine of it, what would not I
Disburse, it is so precious in my thoughts.
M. Gou. Kinde sir, neere dwelling amity indeed,
Offers the hearts enquiry better view.
Then loue thats seated in a farther soyle,
As prospectiues the neerer that they be,
Yeeld better iudgement to the iudging eye,
Thinges seene farre off, are lessened in the eye,
When their true shape is seene being hard by.
M. Bar. True sir, tis so, and truely I esteeme,
Meere amity familiar neighbourhood,
The cousen germaine vnto wedded loue.
M. Gou. I sir, thers surely some aliance twixt them,
For they haue both the off-spring from the heart,
Within the hearts bloud Ocean still are sound,
Iewels of amity, and lemmes of loue.
M. Bar. I master *Goursey*, I haue in my time,

Seene many shipwracks of true honesty,
But incident such dangers euer are,
To them that without compasse sayle so farre,
Why what need men to swim when they may wade?
But leaue this talke, enough of this is said.
And Master Gourtsey, in good faith sir wellcome:
And mistresse Gourtsey, I am much in debt,
Vnto your kindnes that would visit me.

Mi.Gou. O master Barnes, you put me but in minde,
Of that which I should say: tis we that are
Indebted to your kindnes for this cheere:
Which debt that we may repay, I pray lets haue,
Sometimes your company at our homely house.

Mis.Bar. That mistresse Gourtsey you shall surely haue,
Heele be a bolde guest I warrant ye,
And boulder too with you then I would haue him.

Mis.Gou. How doe ye meane he will be bolde with me?

Mi.Bar. Why he will trouble you at home forsooth,
Often call in, and aske ye how ye does:
And sit and chat with you all day till night,
And all night too if he might haue his will:

M.Bar. I wise indeed, I thanke her for her kindnes,
She hath made me much good cheere passing that way.

Mi.Bar. Passing well done of her, she is a kinde wench,
I thanke ye mistresse Gourtsey for my husband,
And if it hap your husband come our way
A hunting, or such ordinary sportes,
Ile doe as much for yours, as you for mine.

M.Gou Pray doe forsooth, Gods Lord what meanes the woman,
She speakes it scornefully, I faith I care not,
Things are well spoken, if they be well taken,
What mistresse Barnes, is it not time to part?

Mis.Bar. Whats a clocke sirra?

Nicholas. Tis but new strucke one.

M.Gou. I haue some busines in the towne by three.

M.Bar. Till then lets walke into the Orchard sir.
What can you play at Tables?

M.Gou. Yes, I can.

M.Bar. What, shall we haue a game?
M.Gou. And if you please.
M.Bar I faith content, weele spend an hower so:
Sirra fetch the Tables.
Nic. I will sir. *Exit.*
Phil. Sirra *Franke*, whilst they are playing heere,
Weele to the greene to Bowles.
Fra. *Phillip* content, *Coomes* come hyther sirra,
When our Fathers part, call vs vpon the greene,
Phillip come, a rubber and so leaue.
Phil, Come on. *Exeunt.*
Coom. Sbloud, I doe not like the humour of these springals, theil spend all their fathers good at gamming: But let them trowle the bowles vpon the greene: Ile trowle the bowles in the Buttery, by the leaue of God and maister Barnes: and his men be good fellows, so it is, if they be not let them goe snick vp. *Exit,*

Enter Nicholas *with the Tables.*

M.Bar. So set them downe,
Mistresse *Gourfey*, how doe you like this game?
Mi.Gou. Well sir.
M.Bar. Can ye play at it?
Mis.Gou. A little sir.
M.Bar. Faith so can my wife.
M.Gou. Why then master *Barnes*, and if you please,
Our wiues shall try the quarrell twixt vs two,
And weele looke on?
M.Bar. I am content, what woman will you play?
Mis.Gou. I care not greatly.
Mis.Bar. Nor I, but that I thinke sheele play me false.
M.Gou. Ile see she shall not.
Mis.Ba. Nay sir, she will be sure you shall not see.
You of all men shall not marke her hand,
She hath such close conueyance in her play.
M.Gou. Is she so cunning growne, come, come, lets see.
Mis.Gou. Yea mistris *Barnes*, will ye not house your iests,
But let them rome abroad so carelessly?
Faith, if your iealious tongue vtter another,

Ile crosse ye with a iest, and ye were my mother,
Come shall we play?

Mis Bar. I, what shall we play a game?

Mis. Gou. A pound a game.

M. Gou. How wife?

Mis. Gou. Faith husband, not a farthing lesse.

M. Gou. It is too much, a shilling were good game.

M. Gou. No, weell be ill huswiues once,
You haue oft been ill husbands, lets alone.

M. Bar. Wife, will you play so much?

Mis Bar. I would be loath to be so franke a gaimster
As mistresse *Goursey* is, and yet for once,
Ile play a pound a game aswell as she.

M. Bar. Go to, youle haue your will. *Offer to goe from them.*

Mis. Bar. Come, ther's my stake.

Mis. Gou. And ther's mine.

Mis. Bar. Throw for the Dice: Ill luck they are yours.

M. Bar. Master *Goursey*, who sayes that gamings bad,
When such good Angels walke twixt euery cast?

M. Gou. This is not noble sport, but royall play.

M. Bar It must be so where royals walke so fast.

Mis. Bar. Play right I pray.

Mi. Gou. Why so I doe.

Mis. Bar. Where stands your man?

Mis. Gou. In his right place.

Mis. Bar. Good faith, I thinke ye play me foule an Ace.

M. Bar. No wife, she playes ye true.

Mis. Bar. Peace husband, peace, ile not be iudged by you.

Mis. Gou. Husband, master Barnes, pray both goe walke.
We cannot play, if standers by doe talke.

M. Gou. Well to your game, we will not trouble ye.

Goe from them.

Mi. Gou. Where stands your man now?

Mi. Bar. Doth he not stand right?

Mi. Gou. It stands betweene the pointes.

Mi. Bar. And thats my spight.
But yet me thinkes the dice runnes much vneuen,
That I throw but dewes ase and you eleuen.

Mi. Gou.

Mis. Gou. And yet you see that I cast downe the hill,
Mi. Ba. I, I beshrew ye, tis not with my will.
Mis. Gou. Do ye beshrew me?
Mi. Bar. No, I beshrew the dice,
That turne you vp more at once, then me at twise.
Mi. Gou. Well, you shall see them turne for you anon.
Mi. Bar. But I care not for them when your game is done.
Mi. Gou. My game, what game?
Mi. Bar. Your game, your game at tables.
Mi. Gou. Well mistresse, well, I haue red *Æsops* fables,
And know your morrals meaning well enough.
Mi. Bar. Loe you'l be angry, now heeres good stuffe,
M. Gour. How now woman, who hath wonne the game?
Mi. Gou. No body yet.
M. Bar. Your wife's the faireft far't.
Mi. Bar. I in your eye. *M. Gou.* How do you meane?
Mi. Bar. He holds you fairer for't then I.
Mi. Gou. For what forsooth?
Mi. Bar. Good gamster, for your game.
M. Bar. Well, try it out, t'is all but in the bearing.
Mi. Bar. Nay if it come to bearing, shee'l be best.
Mi. Gou. Why, you'r as good a bearer as the rest.
Mi. Bar. Nay, thats not so, you beare one man too many.
Mi. Gou. Better doe so then beare not any.
M. Ba. Beshrew me, but my wiues iestes grow too bitter.
Plainer speeches for her were more fitter,
Malice lyes inbowelled in her tongue,
And new hatcht hate makes euery iest a wrong.
Mi. Go. Looke ye mistresse now I hit yee.
Mi. Bar. Why I, you neuer vse to missle a blot,
Especially when it stands so faire to hit.
Mi. Gou. How meane ye mistresse *Barnes*?
Mi. Ba. That mistresse *Gourse's* in the hitting vaine.
Mi. Gou. I hot your man.
Mi. Bar. I, I, my man, my man, but had I knowne,
I would haue had my man stood neerer home.
Mi. Gou. Why had ye kept your man in his right place,
I should not then haue hit him with an ace.

Mis.Bar. Right by the Lord, a plague vpon the bones.
Mr.Gou. And a hot mischiefe on the curser too.
M.Bar. How now wife?
M.Gour. Why whats the matter woman?
Mr.Gou. It is no matter. I am.
Mis.Bar. I, you are.
Mi Gou. What am I?
Mis.Bar. Why thats as you will be euer.
Mis.Gou. Thats euery day as good as Barneses wife.
Mi Bar. And better too, then what needs all this trouble?
A single horse is worse then that beares double.
M.Bar Wife go to, haue regard to that you say,
Let not your words passe foorth the vierge of reason:
But keep within the bounds of modesty,
For ill report doth like a Bayliffe stand,
To pound the straying, and the wit-lost tongue,
And makes it forfeit into follies hands.
Well wife, you know tis no honest part,
To entertaine such guests with iests and wronges,
What will the neighbring country vulgar say,
When as they heare that you fell out at dinner?
Forsooth they'l call it a pot quarrell straight,
The best they'l name it, is a womans iangling,
Go too, be rulde, be rulde.
Mi Bar Gods Lord, be rulde, be rulde
What, thinke ye I haue such a babies wit,
To hane a rods correction for my tongue?
Schoole infancie, I am of age to speake,
And I know when to speake, shall I be chid for such a?
Mi.Gou. What a? nay mistresse speake it out,
I scorne your stopt compares, compare not me
To any but your equals, mistresse Barnes,
M.Gou. Peace wife be quiet.
M.Bar O perswade, perswade,
Wife, mistresse *Gourseys*, shall I winne your thoughts,
To composition of some kinde effects?
Wife, if you loue your credit leaue this strife,
And come shake hands, with mistresse *Gourseys* heere,

Mi.Bar

Mi.Ba. Shall I ſhake hands? let her go ſhake her heeles,
She gets nor hands, nor friendſhip at my hands,
And ſo ſir while I liue I will take heed,
What gueſts I bid againe vnto my houſe. (abſurdnes?
M.Bar. Impatient woman, will you be ſo ſtiffe in this
Mi.Ba. I am impatient now I ſpeake,
But ſir Ile tell you more an other time,
Go too, I will not take it as I haue done, *Exit.*
Miſ.Gou. Nay, ſhe might ſtay, I will not long be heere
To trouble her: well maiſter *Barnes*,
I am ſorry that it was our happes to day,
To haue our pleaſures parted with this fray,
I am ſorrie too for all that is amiſſe,
Eſpecially that you are moou'de in this,
But be not ſo, t's but a womans iarre,
Their tongues are weapons, words their blowes of warre,
T'was but a while, we buffeted you ſaw,
And each of vs was willing to withdraw,
There was no harme nor bloudſhed you did ſee:
Tuſh, feare vs not, for we ſhall well agree:
I take my leaue ſir, come kinde harted man,
That ſpeakes his wife ſo faire, I now and than,
I know you would not for an hundreth pound,
That I ſhould heare your voyces churliſh ſound.
I know you haue a farre more milder tune
Then peace, be quiet wife, but I haue done:
Will ye go home? the doore directs the way,
But if you will not, my dutie is to ſtay.
M.Bar. Ha, ha, why heres a right woman, is there not?
They both haue din'de, yet ſee what ſtomacks they haue.
M.*Gou.* Well maiſter *Barnes*, we cannot do with all,
Let vs be friends ſtill.
M.*Bar.* O maiſter *Gourſey*, the mettell of our minds,
Hauing the temper of true reaſon in them,
Affoordes a better edge of argument,
For the maintaine of our familiar loues,
Then the ſoft leaden wit of women can,
Wherefore with all the parts of neighbour loue,

I impart my selfe to maister *Goursey*.

M.Gou. And with exchange of loue I do receiue it,
Then here weel part partners of two curst wiues.

M.Ba. Oh where shall we find a man so blest that is not,
But come, your businesse and my home affaires,
Makes me deliuer that vnfriendly worde mongst friends,

M.Gou. Twentie farewels sir. (farewell,

M.Bar. But harke ye maister *Goursey*,
Looke ye perswade at home as I will do,
What man, we must not alwayes haue them foes,

M.Go. If I can helpe it.

M Bar. God helpe, God helpe,
Women are euen vntoward creatures still. *Exeunt.*

Enter Philip, Francis and his boy from bowling.

Phil. Come on *Franke Goursey*, you haue good lucke to winne the game.

Fran. Why tell me, ist not good, that neuer playd before vpon your greene.

Phil. Tis good, but that it cost me ten good crownes that makes it worse.

Fran. Let it not greeue thee man, come ore to vs,
We will deuise some game to make you win
Your money backe againe sweet *Philip*.

Phil. And that shall be ere long and if I liue,
But tell me *Francis*, what good Horses haue yee to hunt this Sommer?

Fra. Two or three Iades, or so.

Phil. Be they but Iades?

Fran. No faith my wag string here
Did founder one the last time that he rid,
The best gray Nag that euer I laid my leg ouer.

Boy. You meane the flea bitten.

Fran. Good sir the same.

Boy. And was the same the best that ere you rid on?

Fran. I was it sir.

Boy. I faith it was not sir.

Fran. No, where had I one so good?

Boy. One of my colour, and a better too.

Fran. One of your colour, I nere remember him, one of that colour. *Boy.* Or of that complexion.
Fran. Whats that ye call complexion in a horse.
Boy. The colour sir.
Fran. Set me a colour on your iest, or I will:
Boy. Nay good sir hold your hands.
Fran. What, shal we haue it?
Boy. Why sir, I cannot paint. *Fran.* Well then, I can, and I shall find a pensill for ye sir.
Boy. Then I must finde the table if you do.
Fran. A whoreson barren wicked vrchen.
Boy. Looke how you chafe, you would be angry more if I should tell it you.
Fran. Go to, Ile anger ye and if you do not,
Boy. Why sir, the horse that I do meane,
Hath a leg both straight and cleane,
That hath nor spauen, spline nor flawe,
But is the best that euer ye saw,
A pretie rising knee, O knee!
It is as round as round may be,
The full flanke makes the buttock round,
This palfray standeth on no ground,
When as my maister's on her backe,
If that he once do say but, ticke,
And if he pricke her, you shalt see
Her gallop amaine, she is so free,
And if he giue her but a nod,
She thinkes it is a riding rod:
And if hee'l haue her softly go,
Then she trips it like a Doe,
She comes so easie with the raine,
A twine thred turnes her backe againe,
And truly I did nere see yet,
A horse play proudlier on the bit,
My maister with good managing,
Brought her first vnto the ring,
He likewise taught her to coruet,
To runne and suddainlie to set,

Shee's cunning in the wilde goose race,
Nay shee's apt to euery pace,
And to prooue her colour good,
A flea enamourd of her blood,
Digd for channels in her neck,
And there made many a crimson speck,
I thinke theres none that vse to ride,
But can her pleasant trot abide,
She goes so euen vpon the way,
She will not stumble in a day,
And when my ma ster.

Fra. What do I?

Boy. Nay nothing sir.

Phil. O fie *Franke* fie,
Nay, nay, your reason hath no iustice now,
I must needs say, perswade him first to speake,
Then chide him for it: tell me prettie wag,
Where stands his prawncer, in what Inne or stable?
Or hath thy maister put her out to runne,
Then in what field, what champion feeds this courser?
This well paste bonnie steed that thou so praiseſt.

Boy. Faith sir I thinke.

Fran. Villaine, what do yee thinke?

Boy. I thinke that you sir haue bene askt by many,
But yet I neuer heard that yee tolde any,

Phil. Well boy, then I will adde one more to many,
And aske thy maister where this Iennet feeds:
Come *Franke* tell me, nay prethie tell me *Franke*,
My good horse-maister tell me, by this light
I will not steale her from thee: if I do,
Let me beheld a felone to thy loue.

Fran. No *Phillip* no.

Phil. What, wilt thou were a point but with one tag?
Well *Francis* well, I see you are a wag. *Enter Comes.*

Com. Swounds where be these timber turners, these trowie
the bowles, these greene men, these.

Fran. What, what sir?

Comes. These bowlers sir.

Fra. Well sir, what say you to Bowlers?
Coo. Why I say they cannot be saued.
Fra. Your reason sir?
Coo. Because they throw away their soules at euery marke
Fra. Their soules, how meane ye?
Phi. Sirra he meanes the soule of our bowle.
Fra. Lord how his wit holdes bias like a bowle.
Coo. Well, which is the Bias? *Fra.* This next to you.
Coo. Nay turne it this way, then the bowle goes true.
Boy. Rub, rub. *Coo.* Why rub?
Boy. Why you ouercast the marke and misse the way.
Coo. Nay boy Ivse to take the fairest of my play.
Phi. *Dicke Coomes* me thinkes thou art very pleasant.
When gotst thou this mirrie humour?
Coo. In your fathers Seller, the merriest place in th'house.
Phi. Then you haue beene carowsing hard,
Coo. Yes faith, t'is our custome when your fathers men & we meete.
Phi. Thou art very welcome thether Dicke.
Coo. By God I thanke ye sir, I thank ye sir, by God I haue a quart of Wine for ye sir in any place of the world; there shal not a seruingman in *Barkeshire* fight better for ye then I will do, if you haue any quarrell in hand; you shall haue the maidenhead of my new sword: I paide a quarters wages for't by Iesus.
Phi. Oh this meate sailer Dicke,
How well t'as made apparell of his wit,
And brought it into fashion of an honor,
Pre the Dicke Coomes but tell me how thou doost?
Coo. Faith sir like a poore man at seruice.
Phi. Or seruingman.
Coo. Indeede so called by the vulgar.
Phi. Why where the deuill hadst thou that word?
Coo. O sir, you haue the most eloquent ale in all the world, our blunt soyle affoordes none such.
Fra. *Phillip* leaue talking with this drunken foole,
Say sirra where's my father?
Coo. Marrie I thanke ye for my verie good cheere, O Lord

it

it is not so much worth, you see I am bolde with ye, Indeed
you are not so bolde as welcome, I pray yee come oftner,
Truly I shall trouble ye, all these ceremonies are dispatcht
betweene them, and they are gone.

Fra. Are they so?

Coo. I before God are they.

Fra. And wherefore came not you to call me then?

Coo. Because I was loth to change my game,

Fra. What game?

Coo, You were at one sort of bowles, as I was at another,

Phi. Sirra, he meanes the buttery bowles of beere.

Coo. By God sirra we tickled it.

Fra, Why what a swearing keepes this drunken asse,
Canst thou not say but swe are at euery word?

Phi. Peace do not marre his humour prethie Franke.

Coo. Let him alone, hee's a springall, he knowes not what
belongs to an oath.

Fra. Sirra, be quiet, or I doe protest.

Coo. Come, come, what doe you protest?

Fra. By heauen to crack your Crowne.

Coo. To crack my crowne, I lay ye a crowne of that,
Lay it downe and ye dare:
Nay sbloud, ile venter a quarters wages of that,
Crack my crowne quoth a?

Fra. Will ye not be quiet will ye vrge me?

Coo. Vrge yee with a pox, who vrges yee?
You might haue said so much to a clowne,
Or one that had not been ore the sea to see fashions,
I haue I tell ye true, and I know what belongs to a man,
Crack my crowne and ye can.

Fra. And I can ye rascall. *Phi.* Hold heire braine holde,
Dost thou not see hees drunke?

Coo. Nay let him come,
Though he be my masters sonne, I am my masters man,
And a man is a man in any ground in England:
Come, and he dare, a comes ypon his death,
I will not budge an inche: no sbloud will I not.

Fran. Will ye not?

Phi.

Phi. Stay prithie Franke, *Coomes* doſt thou heare?
Coo. Heare me no heares
Stand away, Ile truſt none of you all,
If I haue my backe againſt a Cart wheele,
I would not care, if the deuill came.
Phi. Why ye foole, I am your friend.
Coo. Foole on your face, I haue a wife.
Fra. Shees a whore then.
Coo. Shees as honeſt as *Nan Lawſon*.
Phi. Whats ſhe?
Coo. One of his whores.
Phi. Why hath he ſo many?
Coo. I as many as there be Churches in London.
Phil. Why thats an hundred and nine.
Boy. Faith he lyes a hundred.
Phi. Then thou art a witnes to nine.
Boy. No by God, Ile be witnes to none:
Coo. Now doe I ſtand like the George at Colbrooke:
Boy. No thou ſtandſt like the Bull at S. Albones.
Coo. Boy ye lye the hornes.
Boy. The Bul's bitten, ſee how he buts.
Phil. *Comes*, *Comes*, put vp, my friend and thou art friends
Coo. Ile heare him ſay ſo firſt.
Phil. Franke prethie doe, be friends and tell him ſo,
Fra. Goe to I am.
Boy Put vp ſir, and ye be a man put vp.
Coom. I am eaſily perſwaded boy.
Phil. Ah ye mad ſlaue.
Coomes Come, come, a couple of whore-maſters I found yee, and ſo I leaue yee. *Exit.*
Phil. Loe Franke doſt thou not ſee hees drunke,
That twits me with my diſpoſition?
Fra. What diſpoſition?
Phil. Nan Lawſon, Nan Lawſon. *Fran.* Nay then,
Phil. Goe to ye wag, tis well,
If euer yee get a wife, I faith Ile tell,
Sirra at home we haue a Seruingman,
Hees not humord bluntly as *Coomes* is,

Yet

Yet his condition makes me often merrie,
Ile tell thee sirra, hees a fine neate fellow,
A spruce slaue, I warrant ye, heele haue
His Cruell garters crosse about the knee,
His woollen hose, as white as the driuen snowe,
His shooes dry leather neat, and tyed with red ribbins,
A nose-gay bound with laces in his Hat,
Bridelaces sir his hat, and all greene hat,
Greene Couerlet, for such a grasse greene wit,
The goose that graseth on the greene quoth he,
May I eate on, when you shall buried be,
All Prouerbes in his speech, hee's prouerbs all.

Fra. Why speakes he Prouerbs?

Phi. Because he would speake truth,
And prouerbes youle confesse, are olde said sooth.

Fra. I like this well, and one day Ile see him,
But shall we part?

Phil. Not yet, Ile bring you somewhat on your way,
And as we goe, betweene your boy and you,
Ile know where that Praunser stands at leuery.

Fra. Come, come, you shall not.

Phil. I faith I wil. *Exeunt.*

Enter master Barnes *and his wife.*

M. Bar. Wife in my minde, to day you were too blame
Although my patience did not blame ye for it:
Me thought the rules of loue and neighbourhood,
Did not direct your thoughts, all indirect
Were your proceedings, in the entertaine
Of them that I inuited to my house.
Nay stay, I doe not chide but counsell wife,
And in the mildest manner that I may,
You need not viewe me with a seruants eye,
Whose vassailes sences tremble at the looke
Of his displeased master, O my wife,
You are my selfe, when selfe sees fault in selfe.
Selfe is sinne obstinate, if selfe amend not,
Indeede I saw a fault in thee my selfe,

And

And it hath set a foyle vpon thy fame,
Not as the foile doth grace the Diamond.
Mi. Ba. What fault sir did you see in me to day?
M. Bar. O doe not set the organ of thy voice,
On such a grunting key of discontent:
Doe not deforme the beauty of thy tongue,
With such mishapen answeres, rough wrathfull words
Are bastards got by rashnes in the thoughts,
Faire demeanors, are Vertues nuptiall babes,
The off-spring, of the well instructed soule,
O let them call thee mother, then my wife,
So seeme not barren of good curtesie.
Mi. Bar. So, haue ye done?
M. *Bar.* I, and I had done well.
If you would do, what I aduise for well.
Mi. Bar. Whats that?
M. Bar, Which is, that you would be good friendes with mistresse *Goursey*.
Mi. *Bar.* With mistresse *Goursey*.
M. Bar. I sweet wife.
Mis. Bar. Not so sweet husband.
M. *Bar.* Could you but shew me any grounded cause.
M*s. Bar.* The grounded cause, I ground because I wil not
M. *Bar.* Your will hath little reason then I thinke.
Mi. *Bar.* Yes sir, me reason equalleth my will.
M. Bar. Lets heare your reason, for your will is great.
Mi. Bar. Why for I will not.
M. Bar. Is all your reason, for I will not wife.
Now by my souse I held yee for more wise,
Discreete, and of more temperature in sence,
Then in a sullen humour to effect,
That womans will borne common scholler phrase,
Oft haue I heard a timely married girle,
That newly left to call her mother mam,
Her father Dad, but yesterday come from,
Thats my good girle, God send thee a good husband,
And now being taught to speake the name of husband,
Will when she would be wanton in her will,

If her husband aske her why, say for I will,
Haue I chid men for vnmanly choyse,
That would not sit their yeares, haue I seene thee
Pupell such greene yong things, and with thy counsell,
Tutor their wits, and art thou now infected,
With this disease of imperfection,
I blush for thee ashamed at thy shame,

Mi. Bar. A shame on her, that makes thee rate me so.

M. Bar O black mouth'd rage, thy breath is boysterous,
And thou makst vertue shake at this high storme,
Shees of good report, I know thou knowst it.

Mi. Bar. She is not, nor I know not, but I know
That thou dost loue her, therefore thinkst her so,
Thou bearst with her, because she beares with thee:
Thou mayst be ashamed to stand in her defence,
She is a strumpet, and thou art no honest man
To stand in her defence against thy wife,
If I catch her in my walke now by Cockes bones,
Ile scratch out both her eyes.

M. Bar. O God!

Mi. Bar. Nay neuer say O God for the matter,
Thou art the cause, thou badst her to my house,
Onely to bleare the eyes of *Goursey*, didst not:
But I wil send him word I warrant thee,
And ere I sleepe to, trust vpon it sir. *Exit.*

M. Bar. Me thinks this is a mighty fault in her
I could be angry with her: O if I be so,
I shall but put a Linke vnto a Torche,
And so giue greater light to see her fault:
Ile rather smother it in melancholly,
Nay, wisedome bids me shunne that passion.
Then I will studie for a remedy,
I haue a daughter, now heauen inuocate,
She be not of like spirit as her mother,
If so, sheel be a plague vnto her husband,
If that he be not patient and discreet,
For that I hold the ease of all such trouble,
Well, well, I would my daughter had a husband.

For

For I would see how she could demeane her selfe,
In that estate, it may be ill enough,
And so God shall help me, well remembred now,
Franke Goursey is his fathers sonne and heyre,
A youth that in my heart I haue good hope on,
My sences say a match, my soule applaudes
The motion: O but his lands are great,
Hee will looke high, why I will straine my selfe.
To make her dowry equall with his land,
Good faith and twere a match twould be a meanes,
To make their mothers friends: He call my daughter,
To see how shees disposde to marriage:
Mall, where are yee?

Enter Mall.

Mall. Father, heere I am *M.Bar*. Where is your mother?
Mal. I saw her not forsooth, since you and she
Went walking both together to the garden.
M.Ba. Dost thou heare me girle? I must dispute with thee
Mal. Father the question then must not be hard,
For I am very weake in argument.
M.Bar. Well, this it is, I say tis good to marry.
Mal. And this say I, tis not good to marry.
M.Bar. Were it not good, then all men would not marry
But now they doe.
Mal. Marry not all, but it is good to marry.
M.Bar. It is both good and bad, how can this be?
Mal. Why it is good to them that marry well,
To them that marry ill, no greater hell.
M.Bar. If thou mightst marry well, wouldst thou agree?
Mall. I cannot tell, heauen must appoint for me.
M.Bar. Wench I am studying for thy good indeed,
Mall My hopes & duties, wish your thoughts good speed
M.Bar. But tell me wench, hast thou a minde to marry:
Mall. This question is too hard for bashfulnes,
And Father, now ye pose my modestie,
I am a maide, and when ye aske me thus,
I like a maide must blush, looke pale and wan,
And then looke pale againe, for we change colour,

As our thoughts change, with true sac'd passion,
Of modest maidenhead, I could adorne me,
And to your question, make a sober curtsie,
And with close clipt ciuility be silent,
Or els say no forsooth, or I forsooth,
If I said no forsooth, I lyed forsooth,
To lye vpon my selfe were deadly sinne,
Therefore I will speake truth and shame the diuell,
Father, when first I heard you name a husband,
At that same very name, my spirits quickned,
Dispaire before had kild them, they were dead,
Because it was my hap so long to tarry,
I was perswaded I should neuer marry,
And sitting sowing thus vpon the ground,
I fell in traunce of meditation,
But comming to my selfe, O Lord said I,
Shall it be so, must I vnmarried dye?
And being angry Father, farther said,
Now by saint Anne, I will not dye a maide,
Good faith, before I came to this ripe groath,
I did accuse the labouring time of sloath,
Me thought the yeere did run but slow about,
For I thought each yeare ten I was without,
Being foureteene, and toward the other yeare:
Good Lord thought I, fifteene will nere be heere,
For I haue heard my mother say, that then
Prittie maides, were fit for handsome men,
Fifteene past, sixeteene, and seuenteene too,
What, thought I, will not this husband do?
Will no man marry me, haue men forsworne,
Such beauty and such youth? shall youth be worne
As rich mens gownes, more with age then vse?
Why then I let restained fansie loose,
And bad it gaze for pleasure: then loue swore me
To doe what ere my mother did before me,
Yet in good faith, I was very loath,
But now it lyes in you to saue my oath:
If I shall haue a husband, get him quickly,

For

For maides that weares Corke shooes, may step awry.
M.Bar. Beleeue me wench, I doe not apprehend thee,
But for this pleasant answere do commend thee:
I must confesse, loue doth thee mighty wrong,
But I will see thee haue thy right ere long.
I know a young man, whom I holde most fit,
To haue thee, both for liuing and for wit,
I will goe write about it presentle.
Mall. Good father do, O God me thinkes I should
Wise it as fine as any woman could:
I could carry a porte to be obayde,
Carry a maistering eye vpon my maide,
With minion do your businesse or Ile make yee,
And to all house authoritie be take me.
O God would I were married, be my troth,
But if I be not, I sweare Ile keepe my oath.
Ent. Mi.Ba. How now minion, wher haue you bin gadding
Mall. Forsooth my father called me forth to him.
Mi. Bar. Your Father, and what said he too ye I pray?
Mall. Nothing forsooth.
Mi.Bar. Nothing: that cannot be, something he said.
Mall. I something, that as good as nothing was.
Mi.Bar. Come let me heare, that somthing nothing then
Mal. Nothing but of a husband for me mother.
Mi.Ba. A husband, that was somthing, but what husband
Mall. Nay faith I know not mother, would I did.
Mis. Bar. I would ye did, I faith are ye so hasty?
Mall. Hasty mother, why how olde am I?
Mis. Ba. Too yong to marry. *Mal.* Nay by the masse ye lie
Mother, how olde were you when you did marry.
Mis. Ba. How olde so ere I was, yet you shall tarry.
Mall. Then the worse for me, hark Mother harke,
The Priest forgets that ere he was a Clarke,
When you were at my yeeres, Ile holde my life,
Your minde was to change maidenhead for wife,
Pardon me mother, I am of your minde,
And by my troth I take it bnt by kinde.
Mis. Bar. Doe ye heare daughter, you shal stay my leasure

Mall. Do you heare mother, would you stay frō pleasure
When ye haue minde to it? go to, there's no wrong
Like this, to let maides lye alone so long
Lying alone they muse but in their beds,
How they might loose their long kept maiden heads,
This is the cause there is so many scapes,
For women that are wise, will not lead Apes
In hell, I tel yee mother I say true,
Therefore come husband, maiden head adew. *Exit.*

Mis. Bar. Well lustie guts, I meane to make ye stay,
And set somerubbes in your mindes smothest way.

Enter Philip. (walking?

Phi. Mother. *Mi. Ba.* How now sirra, where haue ye bin

Phil. Ouer the meades halfe way to *Milton* mother,
To beare my friend *Franke Goursey* company.

Mi. Ba. Wher's your blew coat, your sword & buckler sir
Get you such like habite for a seruingman,
If you will waight vpon the brat of *Goursey*.

Phil. Mother, that you are moou'd this maks me wonder,
When I departed I did leaue yee friends,
What vndigested iarre hath since betided?

Mi. Bar. Such as almost doth choake thy mother boy,
And stifles her with the conceit of it,
I am abusde my sonne by *Goursey's* wife.

Phil. By mistresse *Goursey*?

Mi. Bar. Mistresse slurt, you foule strumpet,
Light aloue, short heeles, mistresse *Goursey*,
Call her againe and thou wert better no.

Phil. O my deare more haue some patience,

Mis. Bar. I sir, haue patience, and see your father
To rifle vp the treasure of my loue,
And play the spend-thrift vpon such an harlot?
This same will make me haue patience, will it not?

Phil. This same is womens most impatience,
Yet mother I haue often heard ye say,
That you haue found my father temperate,
And euer free from such affections.

Mi. Bar. I, till my too much loue did glut his thoughts,

And

And make him seek for chãge. *Phi.* O change your minde
My father beares more cordiall loue to you. (me.
Mi.B. Thou lieſt, thou lieſt, for he loues *Gourſeys* wife, not
Phil. Now I ſweare mother you are much too blame,
I durſt be ſworne he loues you as his ſoule.
Mi.Bar. Wilt thou be pampered by affection?
Will nature teach thee ſuch vilde periurie?
Wilt thou be ſworne, I forlorne, careleſſe boy,
And if thou ſwearſt, I ſay he loues me not.
Phil. He loues ye but too well I ſweare,
Vnleſſe ye knew much better how to vſe him.
Mi.Bar. Doth he ſo ſir? thou vnnaturall boy,
Too well ſayeſt thou, that word ſhall coſt thee ſomwhat,
O monſtrous, haue I brought thee vp to this?
Too well, O vnkinde, wicked and degenerate,
Haſt thou the heart to ſay ſo of thy mother?
Well, God will plague thee fort, I warrant thee,
Out on thee villaine, fie vpon thee wretch,
Out of my ſight, out of my ſight I ſay.
Phil. This ayre is pleaſant, and doth pleaſe me well,
And here I will ſtay.
Mi.Bar. Wilt thou ſtubborne villaine? *Enter* M.Bar.
M.Bar. How now, whats the matter?
Mi.Bar. Thou ſetſt thy ſonne to ſcoffe and mocke at me,
Iſt not ſufficient I am wrongd of thee?
But he muſt be an agent to abuſe me?
Muſt I be ſubiect to my cradle too? O God, o God amẽd it.
M.Bar. Why how now *Phillip*, is this true my ſonne?
Phil. Deare father ſhe is much impatient:
Nere let that hand aſſiſt me in my need,
If I more ſaid, then that ſhe thought amiſſe,
To thinke that you were ſo licentious giuen,
And thus much more, when ſhe inferd it more,
I ſwore an oath you lou'd her but too well,
In that as guiltie I do hold my ſelfe,
Now that I come to more conſiderate triall,
I know my fault, I ſhould haue borne with her,
Blame me for raſhneſſe, then not for want of dutie.

M.*Bar.*

M.*Ba*.I do absolue thee,and come hether *Phillip*,
I haue writ a letter vnto master *Goursey*,
And I will tell thee the contents thereof,
But tell me first,thinkst thou *Franke Goursey* loues thee?
Phil.If that a man deuoted to a man,
Loyall,religious, in loues hallowed vowes,
If that a man that is foule labourfome,
To worke his owne thoughts to his friends delight,
May purchase good opinion with his friend,
Then I may say.I haue done this so well,
That I may thinke *Franke Goursey* loues me well.
M.*Ba*.T is well,and I am much deceiued in him,
And if he be not sober,wise,and valliant.
Phi.I hope my father takes me for thus wise,
I will not glew my selfe in loue to one,
That hath not some desert of vertue in him,
What ere you thinke of him,beleeue me Father,
He will be answerable to your thoughts,
In any quallity commendable.
M.*Bar*.Thou chearst my hopes in him,and in good faith,
Thoust made my loue complete vnto thy friend,
Phillip I loue him,and I loue him so,
I could affoorde him a good wife I know.
Phi.Father,a wife? M.*Bar*.Phillip a wife.
Phil.I lay my life my sister. M.*Bar*.I in good faith.
Phi.Then father he shall haue her,he shall I sweare.
M.*Bar*.How canst thou say so,knowing not his minde?
Phi.All is one for that,I will goe to him straight,
Father if you would seeke this seauen yeares day,
You could no finde a fitter match for her,
And he shall haue her,I sweare he shall,
He were as good be hang'd as once deny her,I faith I le to (him
M.*Bar*.Hairebraine,hairebraine,stay,
As yet we do not know his father minde,
Why what will master *Goursey* say my sonne,
If we should motion it without his knowledge?
Go to,hees a wise and discreet Gentleman,
And that respects from me all honest parts,

Nor

Nor shall he faile his expectation,
First I doe meane to make him priuy to it,
Phillip this letter is to that effect.
Phil. Father, for Gods sake send it quickly then,
Ile call your man, what *Hugh*, wheres *Hugh*, there ho.
M. Bar. *Phillip* if this would prooue a match, it were the only meanes that could be found, to make thy mother frends with Mist. *Gou.* *Phil* How a match? Ile warrant ye a match.
My sister's faire, Franke Goursie he is rich,
His dowry too, will be sufficient,
Franke's yong, and youth is apt to loue,
And by my troth my sisters maiden head
Standes like a game at tennis, if the ball
Hit into the hole or hazard, farewell all.
Ma. Bar. How now, where's *Hugh?* (*Hugh?*
Phil. Why what doth this prouerbial with vs, why where's
M. Bar. Peace, peace. *Phil.* Where's *Hugh* I say?
M Bar. Be not so hasty *Phillip*. *Phil.* Father let me alone,
I doe it but to make my selfe some sport,
This formall foole your man speakes naught but prouerbes,
And speake men what they can to him, hee'l answere
With some rime, rotten sentence, or olde saying,
Such spokes as the ancient of the parish vse,
With neighbour tis an olde prouerbe and a true,
Goose giblets are good meate, old sacke better then new,
Then saies another, neighbour that is true,
And when each man hath drunke his gallon round,
A penny pot, for thats the olde mans gallon,
Then doth he licke his lips and stroke his beard,
Thats glewed together with his slauering droppes,
Of yesty ale, and when he scarce can trim,
His gouty fingers, thus hee'l phillip it,
And with a rotten hem say hey my hearts,
Merry go sony cocke and pye my heartes,
But then their sauing penny prouerbe comes,
And that is this: they that will to the wine,
Berlady mistresse shall lay theyr penny to mine,
This was one of this penny-fathers bastards,

For on my lyfe he was neuer begot,
Without the consent of some great prouerb-monger.

M.Bar. O ye are a wag. *Phil.* Well, now vnto my busines,
Swounds will that mouth thats made of olde sed sawes,
And nothing else, say nothing to vs now?

Nich. O master *Phillip* forbeare, you must not leape ouer the stile before you come at it, haste makes waste, soste fire makes sweete malt, not too fast for falling, there's no hast to hang true men.

Phil. Father we ha'te, ye see we ha'te, now will I see if my memorie wil serue for some prouerbs too. O a painted cloath were as wel worth a shilling, as a theefe woorth a halter: well, after my heartie commendations, as I was at the making hereof, so it is, that I hope as you speed, so you're sure a swift horse will tire, but he that trottes easilie will indure, you haue most learnedly prouerbde it, commending the vertue of patience or forbearance, but yet you know forbearance is no quittance.

Nich. I promise yee maister *Philip* you haue spoken as true (as steele.

Phil. Father, theres a prouerbe well applied.

Nich. And it seemeth vnto me, I it seemes to me, that you maister *Phillip* mocke me, do you not know *qui mocat mocabitur*, mocke age and see how it will prosper?

Phil. Why ye whoreson prouerb-booke bound vp in folio,
Haue yee no other sence to answer me,
But euery worde a prouerbe, no other English?
Well, Ile fulfill a prouerbe on thee straight.

Nich. What is it sir? *Phil.* Ile fetch my fist from thine eare.

Nich. Beare witnesse he threatens me.

Phil. Father that same is the cowards common prouerbe,
But come, come sirra, tell me where Hugh is?

Nich. I may and I will, I need not except I list, you shall not commaund me, you giue me neither meate, drinke, nor wages, I am your fathers man, and a man's a man, and a haue but a hose on his head, do not misuse me so, do not, for though he that is bound must obay, yet he that will not tarrie, may runne away so he may.

M.Bar. Peace *Nicke*, Ile see he shall vse thee well,
Go to peace sirra, here Nicke take this lett er,

Carry

Carrie it to him to whom it is directed.

Nich. To whom is it?

M.Bar. Why reade it, canst thou read?

Nich. Forsooth though none of the best, yet meanly:

M.Bar. Why dost thou not vse it?

Nich. Forsooth as vse makes perfectnes, so seldome seene is soone forgotten.

M.Bar. Well said, but goe, it is to Master *Goursey*,

Phil. Now sir, what prouerbe haue ye to deliuer a letter?

Nich. What need you to care? who speakes to you? you may speake when you are spoken to, and keep your winde to coole your pottage: well, well, you are my maisters sonne & you looke for his lande, but they that hope for dead mens shooes, may hap to go barefoote: take heed, as soone goes the yong sheep to the pot as the olde. I pray God saue my Maysters life, for sildome comes the better.

Phil. O he hath giuen it me: farewell prouerbes.

Nich. Farewell frost. *Phil.* Shal I fling an old shoe after ye?

Nich. No, you should say God send faire weather after me,

Phil. I meane for good lucke.

Nich. A good lucke on ye. *Exit.*

M.Bar. Alas poore foole, he vses all his wit,
Phillip in faith this mirth hath cheered thought,
And cussend it of his right play of passion,
Goe after *Nick*, and when thou thinkst hees there,
Go in and vrge to that which I haue writ,
Ile in these meddowes make a cerekling walke,
And in my meditation coniure so,
As that some fend of thought selfe-eating anger,
Shall by my spels of treason vanish quite
Away, and let me heare from thee to night.

Phil. To night, yes that you shall, but harke ye father,
Looke that you my sister waking keepe,
For *Franke* I sweare shall kisse her ere I sleepe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Franke *and* Boy.

Frank. I am very dry with walking ore the greene,
Butler some Beere, sirra call the Butler.

Bo. Nay faith sir, we must haue some smith to giue the butler

A drench, or cut him in the forehead, for he hath got
A horses disease, namely the staggers, to night hees a good
Huswife, he reeles al that he wrought to day, & he were good
Now to play at dice, for he castes excellent well.

Fran. How meanst thou, is he drunke?

Boy. I cannot tell, but I am sure hee hath more liquor in him
Then a whole dicker of hydes, hees sockt throughly Ifaith.

Fran. Well, goe and call him, bid him bring me drinke.

Boy. I will sir. *Exit.*

Fran. My mother powtes and will looke merrily,
Neither vpon my father nor on me,
He saies she fell out with mistresse Barnes to day,
Then I am sure they'l not be quickly friends,
Good Lord what kinde of creatures women are?
Their loue is lightly wonne and lightly lost,
And then their hate is deadly and extreame.
He that doth take a wyfe, betakes himselfe
To all the cares and troubles of the world,
Now her disquietnes doth grieue my father,
Greeues me, and troubles all the house besides,
What, shall I haue some drinke? how now a horne?
Belike the drunken slaue is fallen a sleepe,
And now the boy doth wake him with his horne,
How now sirra, wheres the butler?

Ent. Boy. Mary sir, where he was euen now a sleepe, but I wakt him, and when he wakt, he thought he was in mayster *Barnses* buttery, for he stretcht himself thus: and yauning said, Nicke, honest Nicke fill a fresh bowle of ale, stand to it Nicke and thou beest a man of Gods making, stand to it, and then I winded my horne, and hees horne mad.

Enter Hodge.

Hodg. Boy hey, ho boy, and thou beest a man draw, O heres a blessed mooneshine God be thanked, boy is not this goodly weather for barley?

Boy. Spoken like a right maulster Hodge, but dooft thou heare? thou art not drunke.

Hod. No, I scorne that Ifaith.

Boy. But thy fellow Dicke Coomes is mightily drunke.

Hod.

Hod. Drunke, a plague on it, when a man cannot carry his drinke well: sbloud Ile stand to it.

Boy. Hold man, see and thou canst stand first.

Hodge. Drunke? hees a beast and he be drunke, theres no man that is a sober man will be drunk, hees a boy and he be drunke.

Boy. No, hees a man as thou art.

Hodge. Thus tis when a man will not be ruled by his friendes, I bad him keepe vnder the lee, but he kept downe the weather two bowes, I tolde him hee would be taken with a plannet, but the wisest of vs all may fall. *Boy trip him.*

B. True *Hodge.*

Hod. Whope lend me thy hand Dicke, I am falne into a Wel, lend me thy hand, I shall be drowned else.

Boy. Hold fast by the bucket Hodge. *Hodg.* A rope on it.

Boy. I there is a rope on it, but where art thou Hodge?

Hodge. In a Well, I prethie draw vp.

Boy. Come glue vp thy bodie, wind vp, hoyst.

Hodg. I am ouer head and eares, *Boy.* In all Hodge, in all.

Fran. How loathsome is this beast mans shape to me?
This mould of reason so vnreasonable,
Sirra, why doost thou trip him downe seeing hees drunke?

Boy. Because sir I would haue drunkards cheape.

Fran. How meane ye?

Boy. Why they say, that when any thing hath a fall, it is cheape, and so of drunkards.

Fran. Go to helpe him vp, but harke who knockes?

Bo. Sir, heeres one of Maister Barnsies men with a letter to my olde maister. *Fran.* Which of them is it?

Boy. They call him Nicholas sir.

Fran. Go call him in. *Enter* Coomes.

Coom. By your leaue ho, how now young maister how ist?

Fran. Looke ye sirra, where your fellow lies,
Hees in a fine taking, is he not?

Coom. Whope Hodge, were art thou man, where art thou?

Hodge. O in a well.

Co. In a well man, nay then thou art deepe in vnderstanding.

Fran. I once to day you were almost so sir.

Coom. Who I, go to young maister, I do not like this humor

in ye I tell ye true; giue euery man his due, and giue him no more: say I was in such a case, go to, tis the greatest indignation that can be offered to a man: and but a mans more godliet giuen, you were able to make him sweare out his hear: bloud, what though that honest *Hodge* haue cut his finger heere? or as some say, cut a feather? what thogh he be mump, misled, blind, or as it were, tis no consequent to me: you know I haue drunke all the Alehouses in Abington drie, and laide the tappes on the tables when I had done: sbloud Ile challenge all the true robpots in Europe, to leape vp to the chinne in a barrell of beere, and if I cannot drinke it down to my foote ere I leaue, and then set the tap in the midst of the house, and then turne a good turne on the toe on it, let me be counted no bodie, a pingler, nay let me be bound to drinke nothing but small beere seuen yeares after, and I had as leefe be hanged. *Enter* Nicholas.

Fran. Peace sir, I must speake with one, *Nicholas* I think your name is. *Nich.* True as the skinne betweene your browes.

Fran. Wel, how doth thy maister?

Nich. Forsooth liue, and the best doth no better.

Fran. Where is the letter he hath sent me?

Nich. *Ecce signum*, heere it is.

Fran. Tis right as Phillip saide, tis a fine foole,
This letter is directed to my father.
Ile carrie it to him, Dicke Coomes make him drinke. *Exit.*

Coom. I, Ile make him drunke and he will.

Nich. Not so *Richard*, it is good to be merrie and wise.

Dick. Well Nicholas, as thou art Nicholas, welcome, but as thou art Nicholas and a boone companion, ten times welcome, Nicholas giue me thy hand, shall we be merrie? and wee shall, say but we shall, and let the first word stand.

Nich. Indeed as long liues the merrie man as the sad,
An ownce of debt will not pay a pound of care.

Coom. Nay, a pound of care will not pay an ownce of debt.

Nich. Well, tis a good horse neuer stumbles, but who lies here?

Coom. Tis our *Hodge*, and I thinke he lies a sleepe, you made him drunk at your house to day, but Ile pepper some of you fort.

Nic. I *Richard*, I know youle put a man ouer the shooes, & if you can, but hees a foole wil take more then wil do him good.

Coom.

Coom. Sbloud ye shall take more then will doe yee good,
Or Ile make ye clap vnder the table.

Nich. Nay, I hope, as I haue temperance to forbeare drinke so haue I patience to endure drinke, Ile do as company doth, for whē a mā doth to *Rome* come, he must do as there is done,

Coomes. Ha my resolued Nicke *Frolagozene*, fill the potte Hostesse, swounes you whore, *Harry Hooke's* a rascall: helpe me but carry my fellow *Hodge* in, and weele crushe it Ifaith.

Enter Phillip. *Exeunt.*

Phil. By this I thinke, the letter is deliuered,
And twill be shortly time that I step in,
And wooe their fauours for my sisters fortune,
And yet I need not, she may doe as well,
But yet not better, as the case doth stand,
Betweene our mothers it may make them friends,
Nay I would sweare that she would doe as well,
Were she a stranger to one quality,
But they are so acquainted, theil nere part,
Why she will flout the deuill, and make blush
The boldest face of man, that euer man saw,
He that hath best opinion of his wit,
And hath his braine pan fraught with bitter Iestes,
Or of his owne, or stolne, or how so euer,
Let him stand nere so high in his owne conceite,
Her wit's a sunne, that melts him downe like butter,
And makes him sit at table Pancake wise,
Flat, flat, and nere a word to say,
Yet sheele not leaue him then, but like a tyrant,
Sheele persecute the poore wit-beaten man,
And so be bang him with dry bobs and scoffes,
When he is downe, most cowardly good faith,
As I haue pittied the poore patient.
There came a Farmers sonne a wooing to her,
A proper man, well landed too he was,
A man that for his wit need not to aske,
What time a yeere twere good to sow his Oates,
Nor yet his Barley, no nor when to reape,
To plowe his Fallowes, or to fell his Trees,

Well

Well experienst thus each kinde of way,
After a two monthes labour at the most,
And yet twas well he held it out so long,
He left his loue, she had so laste his lips,
He could say nothing to her, but God be with yee,
Why she, when men haue din'd and call for cheese,
Will straight ma.netaine iestes bitter to disgest,
And then some one will fall to argument,
Who if he ouer master her with reason,
Then sheele begin to buffe: him with mockes,
Well I doe doubt. Frances hath so much spleene,
Theil nere agree; but I will moderate.
By this time, tis time I thinke to enter,
This is the house, shall I knocke? no I will not
Waite while one comes out to answere:
Ile in, and let them be as bolde with vs. *Exit.*

Enter master Goursey *reading a letter.*

M.Gour If that they like her dowry shall be equall,
To your sonnes wealth or possibility,
It is a meanes to make our wiues good friendes,
And to continue friendsh.p twixt to two,
Tis so indeed, I like this motion,
And it hath my consent, because my wife, is sore infected and hart sick with hate: & I haue sought the *Galē* of aduice, which onely tels me this same potion, to be most soueraigne for hir sicknes cure. *Enter* Franke *and* Phillip.
Heere comes my sonne, conferring with his friend,
Fraunces, how do you like y our friends discourse?
I know he is perswad ing to this motion.

Fra. Father, as ma tter that be fits a friend,
But yet not me, th at am too young to marry.

M.Gou. Na y, if thy minde be forward with thy yeares,
The time is l ost thou tarriest, trust me boy, This match is answerable to thy birth, Her bloud and portion giue each other grace: These indented lines promise a sum, And I do like the valew, if it hap thy liking to accord to my consent,
It is a march: wilt thou goe see the maide?

Fra. Nere trust me Father, the shape of m arriage,

Which

Which I doe ſee in others, ſeeme ſo ſeuere,
I dare not put my youngling liberty,
Vnder the awe of that inſtruction,
And yet I graunt the limmits of free youth
Going aſtray, are often reſtrainde by that:
But miſtreſſe wedlocke, to my ſcholler thoughts,
Will be too curſt I feare, O ſhould ſhe ſnip,
My pleaſure ayming minde, I ſhall be ſad,
And ſweare, when I did marry I was mad.
M. Gour. But boy, let my experience teach thee this,
Yet in good faith, thou ſpeakſt not much amiſſe,
When firſt thy mothers ſame to me did come,
Thy grandſire thus, then came to me his ſonne,
And euen my words to thee, to me he ſaid,
And as to me thou ſaiſt, to him I ſaid,
But in a greater huffe, and hotter bloud,
I tell ye, on youthes tip-toes then I ſtood,
Saies he (good faith this was his very ſay)
When I was yong, I was but reaſons foole,
And went to wedding, as to wiſdomes ſchoole:
It taught me much, and much I did forget,
But beaten much by it, I got ſome wit,
Though I was ſhackled from an often ſcoute,
Yet I would wanton it when I was out,
T'was comfort, old acquaintance then to meete,
Reſtrained liberty, attainde is ſweet,
Thus ſaid my Father to thy Father, ſonne
And thou maiſt doe this to, as I haue done.
Phi. In faith good counſell *Franke*, what ſaiſt thou to it?
Fra. Phillip, what ſhould I ſay? *Phil.* Why, eyther I or no.
Fra. O but which rather?
Phil. Why that which was perſwaded by thy father.
Fra. Thats I, then I, O ſhould it fall out ill.
Then I, for I am guilty of that ill.
Ile not be guilty, no. *Phi.* What backeward gone?
Fra. Phillip, no whit back-ward, that is on.
Phi. On then. *Fra.* O ſtay.
Phil. Tuſh, there is no good lucke in this delay,
Come, come, late commers man are ſhent.
Fra. Heigh ho, I feare I ſhall repent,

Well, which way Franke?
Phi. Why this way. *Fra.* Canst thou tell?
And takest vpon thee to be my guide to hell,
But which way Father? M. *Gou.* That way.
Fran. I, you know,
You found the way to sorrow long agoe,
Father God boye ye, you haue sent your sonne,
To seeke on earth an earthly day of doome,
Where I shall be iudged, alacke the ruthe,
To pennance for the follies of my youth.
Well I must goe, but by my troth my minde,
Is not loue capable to that kinde,
O I haue lookt vpon this mould of men,
As I haue done vpon a Lyons den,
Praised I haue the gallant beast I saw,
Yet wisht me no acquaintance with his pawe,
And must I now be grated with them, well,
Yet I may hap to prooue a *Daniell*,
And if I doe sure it would make me laugh,
To be among wilde beastes and yet be safe,
Is there a remedy to abate their rage,
Yes many catch them, and put them in a cage,
I but how catch them, marry in your hand,
Carrie me foorth a burning fire-brand,
For with his sparkling shine, olde rumor saies,
A fire-brand the swiftest runner fraies,
This I may doe, but if it prooue not so,
Then man goes out to seeke his adiunct woe,
Phillip away, and Father now adew,
In quest of sorrow I am sent by you.
M. *Gou.* Returne the messenger of ioy my sonne.
Fran. Sildome in this world, such a worke is done.
Phi. Nay, nay, make hast, it will be quicklie night.
Fra. Why is it not good to wooe by candle light.
Phi. But if we make not haste theile be a bed.
Fran. The better candles out, and curtans spred *Exeunt.*
M. *Gour.* I know, though that my sons years be not many.
Yet he hath wit to wooe as well as any,
Heere comes my wife, I am glad my boy is gone.
Enter mistresse Gourscy.

Ere

Ere she came hether, how now wife, how ist?
What are ye yet in charity and loue with mistresse *Barnes*?
Mi. Gou. What mistris *Barnes*, why mistris *Barnes* I pray
M. Gou. Because she is your neighbour and
Mi. Gou. And what?
And a lealous slandering spitefull queane she is,
One that would blur my reputation,
With her opprobrious mallice if she could,
She wrongs her husband, to abuse my fame,
Tis knowne that I haue liude in honest name,
All my life time, and bin your right true wife.
M. Gour. I entertaine no other thought my wife,
And my opinion's sound of your behauiour.
Mis. Gou. And my behauiour is as sound as it,
But her ill speeches seekes to rot my credit,
And eate it with the worme of hate and mallice.
M. Gou. Why then preserue it you by patience.
Mi. Gou. By patience, would ye haue me shame my selfe,
And cussen my selfe to beare her iniuries:
Not while her eyes be open will I yeelde,
A word, a letter, a sillables valew,
But equall and make euen her wrongs to me,
To her againe.
M. Gou. Then in good faith wife ye are more to blame,
Mi. Gou. Am I too blame sir pray what letters this?
M. Gou. There is a dearth of manners in ye wife,
Rudelie to snatch it from me, giue it me?
Mi. Gou. You shall not haue it, till I haue read it.
M. Gou. Giue me it then, and I will read it to you?
Mi. Gou. No, no, it shall not need, I am a scholler
Good enough to read a letter sir,
M. Gou. Gods passion, if she knew but the contents,
Sheele seeke to crosse this match, she shall not read it.
Wife, giue it me, come, come, giue it me.
Mi. Gou. Husband, in very deed you shall not haue it.
M. Gou. What will you mooue me to impatience then?
Mi. Gou. Tut, tell not me of your impatience,
But since you talke sir of impatience,
You shall not haue the letter by this light,
Till I haue read it, foule ile burne it first.

M.Gou. Go to, ye moue me wife, giue me the letter,
Introth I shall growe angry, if you doe not.
Mi.Gou. Grow to the house top with your anger sir.
Nere tell me, I care not thus much for it.
M.Gour. Well, I can beare enough, but not too much,
Come giue it me, twere best you be perswaded,
By God ye make me sweare, now God forgiue me,
Giue me I say, and stand not long vpon it,
Go to, I am angry at the heart, my very heart,
Mis.Gou. Hart me no hearts, you shall not haue it sir,
No you shall not, nere looke so big,
I will not be affraide at your great lookes,
You shall not haue it, no you shall not haue it.
M.Gou. Shall I not haue it, introth Ile try that,
Minion Ile hau'te, shall I not hau'te, I am loath,
Go too, take pausment, be aduisde,
Infaith I will, and stand not long vpon it,
A woman of your yeares, I am ashamde,
A couple of so long continuance,
Should thus, Gods foote, I cry God hartely mercy,
Go to, ye vex me, and Ile vexe ye for it,
Before I leaue ye, I will make ye glad,
To tender it on your knees, heare ye, I will I will,
What worse and worse stomacke, true ye saith,
Shall I be crost by you in my olde age?
And where I should haue greatest comfort to,
A nurse of you, nurse in the diuels name,
Go to mistris, by Gods pretious deere,
If ye delaie.
Mi.Gou. Lord, Lord, why in what a fit,
Are you in husband, so inrag'd, so moou'd,
And for so slight a cause, to read a letter,
Did this letter loue, conteine my death,
Should you denie my sight of it, I would not,
Nor see my sorrow, nor eschew my danger,
But willinglie yeeld me a patient,
Vnto the doome that your displeasure gaue:
Heere is the letter, not, for that your incensment,
Makes me make offer of it, but your health,
Which anger I doe feare hath crasd,

And

And wiper like hath suckt away the bloud,
That wont was to be cheerefull in this cheeke,
How pale yee looke.

Mi.Gou. Pale, can yee blame me for it, I tell you true,
An easie matter could not thus haue moou'd me,
Well this resignement, and so foorth, but woman
This fortnight shall I not forget yee for it.
Ha, ha, I see that roughnes can doe somwhat,
I did not thinke good faith, I could haue set,
So sower a face vpon it, and to her,
My bed embracer, my right bosome friend,
I would not that she should haue seene the letter
As poore a man as I am by my troth
For twenty pound: well I am glad I haue it.
Ha, heres a doe about a thing of nothing,
What stomack, ha, tis happy your come downe. *Exit.*

Mi.Gou. Well crastie Fox, Ile hunt ye by my troth,
Deale ye so closely? well I see his drift.
He would not let me see the letter, least
That I should crosse the match, and I will crosse it.

Ent. Comes. Dicke *Coomes*? *Coom.* Forsooth.

Mis.Gour. Come hether Dicke, thou art a man I loue,
And one whom I haue much in my regarde.

Coo. I thanke ye for it mistris, I thanke ye for it,

Mi.Gou. Nay heers my hand, I will do very much for thee
If ere thou standst in need of me,
Thou shalt not lack, whilst thou hast a day to liue.
Money apparrell. *Coo.* And sword and Bucklers.

Mis.Gou. And sword and Bucklers too my gallant Dick,
So thou wilt vse but this in my defence.

Coom. This, no faith I haue no minde to this, breake my head if this breake not if we come to any tough play, nay mistres I had a sword, I the flower of Smithfield for a sword a right Fox I faith, with that & a man had come ouer with a smooth and a sharpe stroke, it would haue cried twang, & then when I had doubled my point, traste my ground, and had carried my buckler before me like a garden But, and then come in with a crosse blowe, & ouer the picke of his buckler two elles long, it would haue cryed twang, twang, mettle, mettle: but a dogge hath his day, tis gone, and there

are few good ones made now, I see by this dearth of good swords, that dearth of sword and Buckler fight, begins to grow out, I am sorry for it, I shall neuer see good manhood againe, if it be once gone, this poking fight of rapier and dagger will come vp then, then a man, a tall man, & a good sword and buckler man, will be spitted like a Cat or a cunney, then a boy will be as good as a man, vnlesse the Lord shew mercie vnto vs, well, I had as lieue be hanged as liue to see that day, wel mistres, what shal I do? what shal I do?

Mis. Gour. Why this braue Dicke,
Thou knowest that *Gourseys* wife and I am foes:
Now man me to her house,
And though it be darke Dicke, yet weele haue no light,
Least that thy maister should preuent our iourney
By seeing our depart: then when we come,
And if that she and I do fall to words,
Set in thy foote and quarrell with her men,
Draw, fight, strike, hurt, but do not kill the slaues,
And make as though thou struckst at a man,
And hit her and thou canst, a plague vpon her,
She hath misusde me Dicke, wilt thou do this?

Coom. Yes mistresse I will strike her men, but God forbid,
That ere *Dicke Coomes* should be seene to strike a woman.

Mi. Gour. Why she is mankind, therefore thou maist strike her.

Coom. Mankinde, nay and she haue any part of a man, Ile strike her I warrant.

Mi Gour. Thats my good Dicke, thats my sweet Dicke,

Coom. Swones who would not be a man of valour to haue such words of a Gentlewoman, one of their wordes are more to me then twentie of these russet coates Cheese-cakes and buttermakers: well, I thanke God I am none of these cowards, well and a man haue any vertue in him, I see he shall be regarded.

Mi. Gour. Art thou resolued Dicke? wilt thou do this for me, and if thou wilt, here is an earnest penny, of that riche guerdon I do meane to giue thee.

Coom. An angell mistresse let me see, stand you on my left hand, and let the angell lye on my buckler on my right hand, for feare of losing, now heere stand I to be tempted,

they

they ſay, euery man hath two ſpirits attending on him, eyther good or bad, now I ſay a man hath no other ſpirits but eyther his wealth or his wife, now which is the better of them, why that is as they are vſed, for vſe neither of them well, and they are both nought, but this is a miracle to me, that golde that is heauie hath the vpper, and a woman that is light dooth ſooneſt fall, conſidering that light things aſpire, and heauie things ſooneſt go downe, but leaue theſe conſiderations to ſir *John*, they become a blacke coate better then a blew, well miſtreſſe I had no minde to daye to quarrell., but a woman is made to be a mans ſeducer, you ſay quarrell.

Mi.Gou. I. *Coom.* There ſpeakes an angell, is it good?

Miſ.Gou. I.

Coom. Then I cannot doe amiſſe, the good angel goes with me. *Exeunt.*

Enter ſir *Raph Smith his Lady and Will.*

S.R*aph.* Come on my harts, I faith it is ill lucke,
To hunt all day and not kill any thing,
What ſayeſt thou Lady, art thou weary yet?

La. I muſt not ſay ſo ſir.

S.*Ra.* Although thou art.

Wil. And can you blame her to be foorth ſo long,
And ſee no better ſport?

Ra. Good faith twas very hard.

La. No twas not ill.
Becauſe you know it is not good to kill.

Ra. Yes venſon Ladie.

La. No indeed nor them,
Life is as deere in Deare as tis in men.

Ra. But they are kild for ſport.

La. But thats bad play,
When they are made to ſport their liues away.

R*a.* Tis fine to ſee them runne.

La. What out of breath?
They runne but ill that runne themſelues to death,

R*a.* They might make then leſſe haſt & keep their winde.

La. Why then they ſee the hounds brings death behinde.

R*ap.* Then twere as good for them at firſt to ſtay,
As to run long and run their liues away.

La. I but the stoutest of you all thats here,
Would run from death, and nimbly scud for feare,
Now by my troth I pittie those poore elfes.
Ra. Well, they haue made vs but bad sport to day.
La. Yes twas my sport to see them scape away.
Will. I wish that I had beene at one Bucks fall.
La. Out thou wood-tyrant thou art worst of all.
Wil. A woodman Ladie, but no tyrant I.
La. Yes tyrant-like thou loueſt to see liues dye.
Ra. Lady no more, I do not like this lucke,
To hunt all day and yet not kill a Buck,
Well, it is late, but yet I sweare I will
Stay heere all night, but I a Buck will kill.
La. All night, nay good sir *Raph Smith* do not so.
Ra. Content ye Ladie, Will, go fetch my bow,
A berrie of faire Roes I saw to day,
Downe by the groues, and there ile take my stand,
And shoote at one, God send a luckie hand.
La. Will ye not then sir *Raph* go home with me?
Ra. No, but my men shall beare thee company.
Sirs man her home, Will bid the Huntsmen couple,
And bid them well reward their hounds to night,
Ladie farewell, Will hast ye with the Bow,
Ile stay for thee heere by the groue below.
Wil. I will, but twill be darke I shall not see,
How shal I see ye then?
Ra. Why hollo to me, and I wil answer thee.
Wil. Enough, I wil. *Raph.* Farewel. *Exit.*
La. How willingly dooſt thou consent to go,
To fetch thy maister that same killing bow.
Wil. Guiltie of death I willing am in this,
Because twas our ill haps to day to misse,
To hunt and not to kill is hunters sorrow,
Come Ladie, weel haue venson ere to morrow. *Exeunt.*

Enter Philip *and* Franke.

Phil. Come *Franke* now are we hard by the house,
But how now, sad?
Fran. No, to studie how to woe thy sister.
Phil. How man, how to woe her? why no matter how,
I am sure thou wilt not be ashamed to woe,

Thy

Thy cheekes not subiect to a childish blush,
Thou hast a better warrant by thy wit,
I know thy oratorie can vnfold,
Quicke inuention, plausible discourse,
And set such painted beautie on thy tongue,
As it shall rauish euery maiden sence,
For *Franke*, thou art not like the russet youth
I tolde thee of, that went to woe a wench,
And being full stuft vp with fallow wit,
And meddow matter, askt the pretty maide,
How they solde corne last market day with them.
Saying: indeed twas very deare with them:
And do ye heare, he had not need doe so,
For she will *Francis* throwly trie your wit,
Sirra sheel bow the mettall of your wits,
And if they cracke she will not hold ye currant,
Nay she will way your wits as men may angels,
And if I lacke a graine, she will not chanke with ye,
I cannot speake it but in passion,
She is a wicked wench to make a iest,
Aye me how full of floutes and mockes she is?

Fran. Some *Aquavitæ* reason to recouer,
This sicke discourser, soond not prethy *Philip*,
Tush, tush, I do not thinke her as thou saiest,
Perhaps shees opinions darling *Phillip*:
Wise in repute, the crowes bird o my friend,
Some iudgements slaue themselues to small desart,
And wondernize the birth of common wit,
When their wone straungenes do but make that strange,
And their ill errors do but make that good,
And why should men debase to make that good,
Perhaps such admiration winnes her wit.

Phil. Well, I am glad to heare this bold prepare,
For this encounter, forward hardy *Franke*,
Yonders the window, with the candle int,
Belike shees putting on her night attire,
I told ye *Franke* twas late, well I will call her,
Mary softly that my mother may not heare:
Mall, sister Mall.

Enter Mall *in the window.*

Mal. How now, whose there? *Phil.* Tis I,
Mal. Tis I, who I? I quoth the dogge, or what?
A christ crosse rowe I?
Phi. No swecte pinckanie.
Mal. O ist you wilde oates?
Phil. I forsooth wanton.
Mal. Well said scape-thrift.
Fran. *Philip* be these your vsuall best salutes?
Phi. This is the harmlesse chiding of that Doue,
Fran. Doue, one of those that drawe the Queene of loue?
Mal. How now? whose that brother, whose that with ye?
Phil. A Gentleman my friend.
Mal. Beladie he hath a pure wit.
Fran. How meanes your holy iudgement?
Mal. O well put in sir.
Fran. Vp you would say.
Mal. Well climde Gentleman,
I pray sir tell me, do you carte the queene of loue?
Fran. Not cart her, but couch her in your eye,
And a fit place for gentle loue to lye.
Mal. I but me thinkes you speake without the booke,
To place a sower wheele waggon in my looke,
Where will you haue roome to haue the coach-man sit?
Fran. Nay, that were but small manners, and not fit,
His dutie is before you bare to stand,
Hauing a lustie whipstocke in his hand.
Ma. The place is voide, will you prouide me one?
Fra. And if you please I will supply the roome.
Mal. But are ye cunning in the Carmans lash?
And can ye whistle well?
Fran. Yes I can well direct the coache of loue.
Mal. Ah cruell carter, would you whip a doue?
Phil. Harke ye sister?
Mal. Nay, but harke ye brother?
Whose white boy is that same? know ye his mother?
Phil. He is a Gentleman of a good house.
Mal. Why is his house of gold, is it not made of lyme and stone like this?
Phil. I meane hees well descended. *Mal.* God be thanked.
Did he descend some steeple or some ladder?

Phil.

Phi. Well, you will still be crosse, I tell yee sister,
This Gentleman by all your friends consent,
Must be your husband.
Mal. Nay not all, some sing another note,
My mother will say no, I holde a groate.
But I thought twas somewhat, he would be a carter,
He hath beene whipping lately some blinde beare,
And now he would ferke the blinde boy heere with vs.
Phil. Well, do you heare, you sister, mistresse would haue
You that do long for somwhat, I know what.
My father tolde me, go too Ile tell all,
If ye be crosse, do ye heare me? I haue labourd
A yeares worke in this afternoone for ye,
Come from your cloyster, votarie, chase Nun,
Come downe and kisse *Franke Gourseys* mothers sonne.
Mal. Kisse him I pray?
Phi. Go to, stale maidenhead, come downe I say,
You seuenteene and vpward, come come downe,
Youll stay till twentie else for your wedding gowne,
Mal. Nun, votarie, stale maidenhead, seuenteene and vp-
Here be names, what nothing else? (ward,
Fran. Yes, or a faire built steeple without bels,
Mal. Steeple good people, nay another cast.
Fran. I, or a well made ship without a mast.
Mal. Fie not so big sir, by one part of foure.
Fran. Why then ye are a boate without an oare,
Mal. O well rode wit, but whats your fare I pray?
Fran. Your faire selfe must be my fairest pay.
Mal. Nay, and you be so deare, Ile chuse another.
Fran. Why take your first man wench, and go no further.
Phi. Peace *Francis*, harke ye sister, this I say, you know my mind, or answer I or nay, Wit & iudgement hath resolude his mind, And he foresees what after he shall finde,
If such discretion then shall gouerne you,
Vow loue to him, heele do the like to you.
Mal. Vow loue? who would not loue such a comely fea-
Nor high nor lowe, but of the middle stature, (ture?
A middle man thats the best syze indeed,
I like him well, Loue graunt vs well to speed.
Fran. And let me see a woman of that talnesse,

So slender and of such a middle smalnesse,
So olde enough, and in each part so fit,
So faire, so kinde, eudued with so much wit,
Of so much wit as it is held a wonder,
Twere pittie to keepe loue and her a sunder,
Therefore go vp my ioy, call downe my blisse,
Bid her come seale the bargaine with a kisse.

Mal. Franke, Franke, I come through dangers, death and harmes
To make Loues patient with thy seale of armes.

Phi. But sister softly, least my mother heare. *Exit. Mal.*

Mal. Hush then, mum, mouse in cheese, cat is neere.

Fran. Now in good faith *Philip* this makes me smile,
That I haue woed and wonne in so small while.

Phi. Francis, indeed my sister I dare say,
Was not determined to say thee nay,
For this same tother thing, calde maiden-head,
Hangs by so small a haire or spiders thred,
And worne so too with time, it must needs fall,
And like a well lur'de hawke, she knows her call.

Mal. Whist brother whist, my mother heard me tread,
And askt whose there? I would not answer her,
She calde a light, and vp shees gone to seeke me,
There when she findes me not, sheel hether come,
Therefore dispatch, let it be quickly done,
Francis, my loues lease I do let to thee,
Date of my life and thine, what sayest thou to me?
The entring, fine, or income thou must pay,
Are kisses and embrases euery day,
And quarterly I must receiue my rent,
You know my minde.

Fran. I gesse at thy intent,
Thou shalt not misse a minute of thy time.

Mal. Why then sweet *Francis* I am onely thine,
Brother beare witnesse.

Phi. Do ye deliuer this as your deed?

Mal. I do I do,

Ph. God send you both good speed, Gods lord my mother
Stand aside and closely too, least that you be espied,

Mi. Ba. Whose there? *Phi.* Mother tis I.

Mis. Bar. You disobedient ruffen, careless wretch,

That

That said your Father loude me too well,
Ile thinke on't when thou thinkst I haue forgotten it.
Whose with thee else? how now minion you?
With whom? with him? why what make you heere sir?
And thus late too, what hath your mother sent ye
To cut my throate, that heere you be in waite?
Come from him mistris, and let go his hand,
Will ye not sir?

Fra. Stay mistresse Barnes, or mother, what ye will,
Shees my wife, and here she shall be still.

Mi. Ba. How sir your wife? wouldst thou my daugter haue
Ile rather haue her married to her graue,
Go to be gone, and quickly, or I sweare,
Ile haue my men beate ye for staying here,

Phi. Beate him mother as I am true man,
They were better beate the diuell and his dam.

Mi. Bar. What wilt thou take his part?

Phil. To do him good,
And twere to wade herherto vp in blood.

Fran. God a mercy *Phil*, but mother heare me.

Mis. Bar. Calst thou me mother, no thy mothers name
Carryes about with it, reproche and shame:
Giue me my daughter, ere that she shall wed,
A strumpets sonne, and haue her so misslead,
Ile marry her to a Carter: come I say,
Giue me her from thee.

Fra. Mother not to day,
Nor yet to morrow, till my liues last morrow,
Make me leaue that, which I with leaue did borrow,
Heere I haue borrowed loue, ile not deny it,
Thy wedding night's my day, then Ile repay it.
Till then sheele trust me, wench ist not so?
And if it be, say I, if not, say no.

Mal. Mother, good mother, heare me O good God,
Now we are euen, what would you make vs odde?
Now I beseech ye for the loue of Christ,
To giue me leaue once to doe what I list.
I am as you were when you were a maide,
Gesse by your selfe, how long you would haue staide,
Might you haue had your will, as good begin,

At first as last, it saues vs from much sinne;
Lying alone, we muse on things and things,
And in our mindes, one thought another brings,
This maides life mother is an idle life,
Therefore Ile be, I, I will be a wife,
And mother doe not mistrust my age or power,
I am sufficient, I lacke nere an houre,
I had both wit to graunt when he did woe me,
And strength to beare what ere he can doe to me.

Mi.Gou. Well bold face, but I meane to make you stay,
Goe to, come from him, or ile make ye come,
Will yee not come?

Phi. Mother, I pray forbeare,
This match is for my sister.

Mi.Bar. Villaine tis not,
Nor she shall not be so matcht now.

Phi. In troth she shall, and your vnruly hate,
Shall not rule vs, weele end all this debate,
By this begun deuise.

Mi.Bar. I end what you begun, villaines theeues
Giue me my daughter, will ye rob me of her?
Help, help, theil rob me heere, theil rob me heere,

Enter master Barnes *and his men.*

M.Bar. How now, what outcry is here? why how now (woman?

Mi.Ba. Why *Goursey's* sonne, confederates with this boy,
This wretch vnnaturall and vndutifull,
Seekes hence to steale my daughter, will you suffer it?
Shall he thats sonne to my arch-enemy,
Enioy her, haue I brought her vp to this?
O God he shall not haue her, no he shall not.

M.Bar. I am sorry she knowes it, hark ye wife,
Let reason moderate your rage a little,
If you examine but his birth and liuing,
His wit and good behauiour, you will say,
Though that ill hate make your opinion bad,
He doth deserue as good a wife as she

Enter mistris Goursey *and* Coomes.

Mi.Bar. Why will you giue consent he shall enioy her?

M.*Bar.* I, so that thy minde would agree with mine.

Mi.Bar. My minde shall nere agree to this agreement.

M.*Ba.*

M. *Ba.* And yet it ſhall go forward, but who's heere?
What, Miſtris *Gourſey*, how knew ſhe of this?
Phi. *Franke*, thy mother.
Fra. Swones where? a plague vpponit,
I thinke the deuill is ſet to croſſe this match.
Mi. *Go.* This is the houſe Dick Coomes, & yonders light,
Let vs go neere: how now, me thinkes I ſee,
My ſoune ſtand hand in hand, with Barnes his daughter:
Why how now ſirra, is this time of night,
For you to be abroad, what haue we heere?
I hope that loue hath not thus coupled you:
Fra. Loue by my troth mother, Loue, ſhe loues me,
And I loue her, then we muſt needs agree.
Mi. *Bar.* I but Ile keep her ſure enough from thee.
Mi. *Go* It ſhall not need, Ile keep him ſafe enough,
Be ſure he ſhal not graft in ſuch a ſtock.
Mi. Bar. What a ſtock forſooth? as good a ſtock as thine,
I doe not meane that he ſhall graft in mine.
Mi. *Gou.* Nor ſhall he miſtris, harke boy? th'art but mad
To loue the branch, that hath a roote ſo bad,
Fra. Then Mother, Ile graft a Pippin on a Crab,
Mi. *Gou.* It will not prooue well.
Fra. But Ile prooue my skill.
Mi. *Bar.* Sir but you ſhall not.
Fra. Mothers both I will.
M. *Ba.* Harke *Phillip*, ſend away thy ſiſter ſtraight,
Let *Francis* meete her where thou ſhalt appoint,
Let them goe ſeuerall to ſhun ſuſpition,
And bid them goe to Oxford both this night,
There to morrow ſay that we will meete them,
And there determine of their marriage.
Phi. I will, though it be very late and darke,
My ſiſter will endure it for a husband.
M. *Ba.* Well then to Carfolkes boy, I meane to meet thē.
Phil. Enough, would they would begin to chide, *Exit.*
For I would haue them brawling, that meane while,
They may ſteale hence, to meete where I oppoint it,
What mother, will you let this match go forward:
Or miſtreſſe Gourſey will you firſt agree?
Mi. *Gou.* Shall I agree firſt?

Phi.

Phi. I why not, come, come.
Mi. Go. Come from her sonne, & if thou lou'st thy mother.
Mi. Bar. With the like spell, daughter I coniure thee,
Mi. G. Francis, by faire meanes let me win thee from her,
And I will gild my blessing gentle sonne,
With store of Angels, I would not haue thee,
Check thy good fortune, by this thy cusning choise,
O doe not thrall thy happie libertie,
In such a bondage, if thou'lt be needs bound,
Be then to better worth, this worthlesse choise
Is not fit for thee.
Mi. Bar. Ist not fit for him, wherefore ist not fit?
Is he too braue a gentleman I praie,
No tis not fit, she shall not fit his turne,
If she were wise, she would be fitter for
Three times his better, minion go in, or ile make ye,
Ile keep ye safe from him I warrant ye.
Mi. Gou. Come *Francis*, come from her.
Fra. Mothers, with both hands, shoue I hate from loue,
That like an ill companion would infect,
The infant minde of our affection,
Within this cradle shall this minutes babe,
Be laide to rest, and thus Ile huge my ioy.
Mi. Gou. Wilt thou be obstinate, thou selfe wilde boy.
Nay then perforce Ile part ye since ye will not.
Coom. Doe yee heare mistresse, praie yee giue me leaue to talke two or three cold words with my yong Master, harke ye sir, yee are my Masters sonne, and so foorth, and indeed I beare ye some good will, partlie for his sake, and partly for your own, and I do hope you do the like to me, I should be sorry else: I must needs saie ye are a yong man, and for mine owne part, I haue seene the world, & I know what belongs to causes, & the experience that I haue, I thanke God I haue trauelled for it.
Fra. Why how far haue ye trauelled for it?
Boy. From my masters house to the Ale-house.
Coo. How sir? *Bo.* So sir.
Coo. Go to I praie, correct you boie, twas nere a good world, since a boie would face a man so,
Fra. Go to forward man.

Coom. Wel sir, so it is, I would not wish ye to marry without my mistris consent.

Fra. And why?

Coom. Nay, theres nere a why, but there is a wherefore, I haue known some haue done the like, & they haue daunst a Galliard at Beggers bush for it

Boy. At Beggers bush, here him no more maister, he doth be dawbe ye with his durty speach: doe ye heare sir, how fatte stands Beggers bushe from your fathers house sir? how thou whorson refuge of a Taylor, that wert prentise to a tailor half an age, & because if thou hadst serued ten ages thou wouldst proue but a botcher, thou leapst frothe shop board to a Blew coate: doth it become thee to vse thy tearms so? wel, thou degree aboue a hackney, and ten degrees vndor a Page, sow vp your lubber lips, or tis not your sworde and Buckler, shall keep my Poniard from your brest.

Coo. Do ye heare sir, this is your boy?

Fran. How then?

Coom. You must breech him for it.

Fran. Must I? how if I will not.

Coom. Why then tis a fine world, when boies keep boies, and know not how to vse them.

Fra. Boy, ye rascall.

Mi. Gour. Strike him and thou darst.

Coom. Strike me, alas he were better strike his father, Sownes go to, put vp your Bodkin.

Fran. Mother stand by, Ile teach that rascall,

Coom. Go to, giue me good words, or by Gods dines Ile buckle ye, for all your bird-spit.

Fran. Will ye so sir?

Phi. Stay Franke, this pitch of Frensie will defile thee,
Meddle not with it, thy vnreproued vallour,
Should be high minded: couch it not so low,
Dost heare me, take occasion to slip hence,
But secretly, let not thy mother see thee,
At the backside there is a Cunny greene,
Stay there for me, and *Mall* and I will come to thee.

Fra. Enough, I will: mother you doe me wrong,
To be so peremptory in your commaund,
And see that rascall to abuse me so.

Coom Rascall, take that and take all, do ye heare sir, I doe not meane to pocket vp this wrong.

Bo. I know why that is. *Coo.* Why?

Bo. Because you haue nere a pocket,

Co. A whip sira, a whip: but sir prouide your tooles against to morrow morning, tis somewhat darke now indeed, you know Dawsons close, betweene the hedge & the pond, tis good euen ground, Ile meete you there, & I do not, call me cut, and you be a man shew your selfe a man, weele haue a bout or two, and so weele part for that present.

Fran. Well sir, well.

Nic. Boy, haue they appointed to fight?

Boy. I Nicholas, wilt not thou go see the fray?

Nich. No indeed, euen as they brewe so let them bake. I wil not thrust my hand into the flame and need not, tis not good to haue an oare in another mans boate, little said is soone amended, & in litle medling commeth great rest, tis good sleeping in a whole skin, so a man might come home by weeping crosse: no by lady, a friend is not so soone gotten as lost, blessed are the peace-makers, they that strike with the sword, shall be beaten with the scabberd.

Phil. Well said prouerbs, nere another to that purpose?

Nic. Yes I could haue said to you sir, take heed is a good (reed.

Phil. Why to me take heede?

Ni. For happy is he whom other mens harms do make to (beware.

Phi. O beware Franke, slip away *Mall*,

You know what I told ye, ile hold our mothers both in talk meane while: Mother and Mistris *Barner*, me thinkes you should not stand in hatred so hard one with the other.

Mi. Bar. Should I not sir? should I not hate a harlot,
That robs me of my right, vilde boy?

Mi. Gou. That tytle I returne vnto thy teeth,
And spit the name of harlot in thy face.

Mi. Bar. Well, tis not time of night to hold out chat,
With such a scold as thou art, therefore now,
Thinke that I hate thee as I doe the deuill.

Mi. Gou. The deuill take thee if thou dost not wretch.

Mi. Bar. Out vpon thee strumpet.

Mi. Gou. Out vpon thee harlot.

Mis. Bar. Well, I will finde a time to be reueng'd:

Meane

Meane time Ile keep my daughter from thy sonne,
Where are you minion? how now are yee gone.
Phi. She went in mother.
Mi.Go. Francis where are ye? (gether.
Mi.Ba. He is not heere, ô then they slipt away & both to-
Phi. Ile assure ye no, my sister she went in, into the house,
Mi.Ba. But then sheele out againe at the backe doore,
And meete with him, but I will search about,
All these same fields and paths neere to my house,
They are not far I am sure, if I make haste. *Exit.*
Mi.Go. O God how went he hence? I did not see him,
It was when Barnes wife did scolde with me,
A plague on her, Dick why didst not thou looke to him?
Coo. What should I looke for him? no, no, I looke not for him while to morrow morning.
Mi.Gou. Come go with me to help to looke him out,
Alas, I haue nor light, nor Linke, nor Torche,
Though it be darke, I will take any paines,
To crosse this match, I prethy Dick away.
Coo. Mistris because I brought ye out, Ile bring ye home but if I should follow, so hee might haue the law on his side.
Mi.Go Come tis no matter, prethee goe with me. *Exeunt*
M.Ba. *Philip*, thy mothers gone to seeke thy sister.
And in a rage I faith, but who comes heere?
Phi. Olde master *Gourfey*, as I thinke tis he.
M.Ba. Tis so indeed. *M.Gou.* Whoes there?
M.Bar. A friend of yours.
M.Gou. What master Barnes did ye not see my wife?
M.Bar. Yes sir I saw her, she was heere euen now.
M.Gour. I doubted that, that made me come vnto you;
But whether is she gone?
Phil. To seeke your sonne, who slipt away from her,
To meete with *Mall* my sister in a place
Where I appointed: and my mother too,
Seeke for my sister, so they both are gone,
My mother hath a Torch, mary your wife
Goes darkling vp and downe, and *Coomes* before her.
M.Gou. I thought that knaue was with her, but tis well,
I pray God they may come by nere a light,

But both be led a darke daunce in the night.

Ho. Why is my fellow Dick in the dark with my Mistres.
I pray God they be honest, for there may be much knauerie
in the Dark, faith if I were there, I wold haue some knauery
with them, good maister wil ye carry the torch your self, &
giue me leaue to play the blind man buffe with my mistris.

Phil. On that condition thou wilt do thy best,
To keep thy Mistresse and thy fellow Dick,
Both from my sister, and thy masters sonne,
I will intreate thy master let thee goe.

Hod. O I, I warrant ye, ile haue fine tricks to cousen them

M, *Gou.* Well sir, then go your waies, I giue you leaue.

Hod. O braue, but where about are they? (find them,

Phil. About our cunny green they surely are, if thou canst

Hod. O let me alone to grope for cunnies. *Exit.*

Phi. Well, now will I to *Franke* and to my sister,
Stand you two harkning neere the cunny greene,
But sure your light in you must not be seene,
Or els let *Nicholas* stand a farre off with it,
And as his life keep it from mistris *Goursey*,
Shall this be done? *M.Bar.* *Phillip* it shall,

Phi, God be with ye, ile be gone. *Exit.*

M.Bar. Come on master Goursey, this same is a meanes,
To make our wiues friends, if they resist not.

M. *Go.* Tut sir, howsoeuer it shall go forward.

M.Bar. Come then lets do, as Phillip hath aduisd. *Exeunt*

Enter Mall.

Mal. Heere is the place where Phillip bid me stay,
Till Francis came, but wherefore did my bother,
Appoint it heere? why in the Cunny borough?
He had some meaning in't I warrant ye,
Well heere ile set me downe vnder this tree,
And thinke vpon the matter all alone,
Good Lord what pritty things these Cunnies are,
How finely they do feede till they be fat,
And then what a sweet meate a Cunny is,
And what smooth skins they haue, both black and gray,
They say they run more in the night then day,
What is the reason? marke, why in the light,
They see more passengers then in the night,

For

For harmfull men many a haye do set.
And laugh to see them tumble in the net,
And they put ferrets in the holes, fie, fie,
And they go vp and downe where connies lye,
And they lye still, they haue so little wit,
I maruell the Warriner will suffer it,
Nay, nay, they are so bad, that they themselues,
Do giue consent to catch these prettie elfes,
How if the Warriner should spie me heere?
He would take me for a conny I dare sweare,
But when that *Francis* comes, what will he say?
Looke boy there lyes a conney in my way:
But soft, a light, whose that? soule my mother,
Nay then all hid, I faith she shall not see me,
Ile play bo peepe with her behinde this tree.
Mis. Ba. I maruell where this wench doth hide her selfe
So closely? I haue searcht in many a bush,
Mal. Belike my mother tooke me for a Thrush.
Mis. Bar. Shees hid in this same Warren Ile lay money.
Mal. Close as a rabbet sucker from an olde conney.
Mi. Bar. O God, I would to God that I could find her,
I would keepe her from her loues toyes yet.
Mal. I so you might, if your daughter had no wit.
Mi. Ba. What a vilde girle tis, that would hau't so young.
Mal. A murren take that desembling tongue,
Ere your calues teeth were out you thought it long.
Mi. Bar. But minion, yet Ile keepe you from the man.
Mal To saue a lye mother, say if you can.
Mi. Bar. Well, now to looke for her.
Mal. I theres the spight,
What trick shall I now haue to scape her light?
Mi. Bar. Whose there? what minion is it you?
Beshrew her heart, what a fright she put me to,
But I am glad I found her, though I was afraide,
Come on your wayes, you are a handsome maide.
Why you foorth a doores so late at night?
Why whether go ye? come stand still I say.
Mal. No indeed mother, this is my best way.
M. Ba. Tis not the best way, stand by me I tell yee.
Mall. No you would catch me mother, o I smell ye.

Mi. Bar. Will ye not stand still?

Mal. No by Ladie no.

Mis. Bar. But I will make ye. *Mal.* Nay then trip and goe.

Mi. Bar. Mistresse, Ile make ye wearie ere I haue done.

Mal Faith mother then Ile trie how you can runne,

Mis. Bar. Will ye?

Mal. Yes faith. *Exunt.*

Enter Fran. Mal. sweet heart, *Mall?* what not a word?

Boy. A little further, call againe.

Fran. Why Mal. I prethie speake, why Mal I say?
I know thou art not farre, if thou wilt not speake, why mal,
But now I see shees in her mery vaine,
To make me call and put me to more paine,
Well, I must beare with her, sheel beare with me,
But I will call, least that it be not so,
What Mall? what Mall I say, boy are we right?
Haue we not mist the way this same darke night?

Boy. Masse it may be so as I am true man,
I haue not seene a cunny since I came,
Yet at the Cunny-borow we should meete,
But harke, I heare the trampling of some feete.

Fran. It may be so, then therefore lets lye close.

Mis. Gou. Where art thou Dicke?

Coo. Where am I quoth a, mary I may be where any body will say I am, eyther in *France* or at *Rome*, or at *Ierusalem* they may say I am, for I am not able to disproue them, because I cannot tell where I am.

Mi. Gou. O what a blindfold walke haue we had Dicke,
To seeke my sonne and yet I cannot finde him?

Coo. Why then Mistresse lets goe home.

Mi. Gou. Why tis so darke we shall not finde the way.

Fran. I pray God ye may not mother till it be day.

Coo. Sbloud take heed mistris heres a tree.

Mis. Go. Lead thou the way, and let me hold by thee,

Bo. Dick Coome, what difference is there between a blind man, an I he that cannot see?

Fra. Peace, a poxe on thee.

Coo. Swounds some body spake.

Mi. Gou. Dicke looke about,
It may be here we may finde them out.

Coom.

Coo. I ſee the glimpes of ſome body heere,
And ye be a ſpirite Ile fraie the bug beare,
There a goes miſtreſſe.
Mi.Gour. O ſir haue I ſpide you?
Fr. A plague on the boy, twas he that diſcried me. *Exeunt*
Phi. How like a beauteous Lady maskt in blacke,
Lookes that ſame large circumference of heauen,
The skie that was ſo faire three houres agoe,
Is in three houres become an Ethiope,
And being angrie at her beauteous change,
She will not haue one of thoſe pearled ſtarres,
To blab her ſable metamorpheſis.
Tis very darke, I did appoint my ſiſter,
To meete me at the cunny berrie below,
And Francis too, but neither can I ſee,
Belike my mother hapned on that place.
And fraide them from it, and they both are now
Wandring about the fields, how ſhall I finde them?
It is ſo darke, I ſcarſe can ſee my hand.
Why then Ile hollow for them, no not ſo,
So will his voice betray him to our mothers,
And if he anſwere, and bring them where he is,
What ſhall I then do? it muſt not be ſo?
Sbloud it muſt be ſo, how elſe I pray?
Shall I ſtand gaping heere all night till day?
And then nere the neere, ſo ho, ſo ho.
Wil. So ho, I come, where are ye? where art thou? here.
Phi How now Franke, where haſt thou been? (the bow.
Wil. Franke, what Franke? sbloud is ſit *Raph* mad, heeres
Phi. I haue not been much priuate with that voice,
Me thinke Franke *Gourſey's* talke and his doth tell me,
I am miſtaken, eſpecially by his bow,
Franke had no bow, well, I will leaue this fellow,
And hollow ſomewhat farther in the fields,
Dooſt thou heare fellow, I perceiue by thee,
That we are both miſtaken, I tooke thee,
For one thou art not, likewiſe thou tookſt me,
For ſir Raph Smith, but ſure I am not he,
And ſo farewell, I muſt goe ſeeke my friend, ſo ho:
Wil. So ho, ſo ho, nay then ſir Raph ſo whoore,

For a whore she was sure, if you had her here
So late, now you are sir *Raphe Smith*,
Well do ye counterfeit and change your voyce,
But yet I know ye, but what should be that *Francis*?
Belike that Francis cussend him of his wench,
And he conceals himselfe to finde her out,
Tis so vpon my life, well I will go
And helpe him ring his peale of so ho, so ho,

Enter Franke.

Fra. A plague on *Coomes*, a plague vpon the boy,
A plague too, not on my mother for an hundreth pound,
T'was time to runne, and yet I had not thought
My mother could haue followed me so close,
Her legges with age I thought had foundered,
She made me quite runne through a quickset hedge,
Or she had taken me: well I may say,
I haue runne through the briers for a wenche,
And yet I haue her not, the woorse lucke mine,
Me thought I heard one hollow here about,
I iudge it *Philip*. O the slaue will laugh
When as he heares how that my mother scarde me,
Well, heere Ile stand vntill I heare him hollow,
And then Ile answere him, he is not farre.

Ra. my man is hollowing for me vp and downe,
And yet I cannot meet with him, so ho:

Franke. So ho.

Ra. Why what a poxe, wert thou so neere me man,
And wouldw not speake?

Fra. Sbloud ye are very hot.

Rap. No sir, I am colde enough with staying here
For such a knaue as you.

Fra. Knaue, how now *Phillip*, art mad, art mad?

Ra. Why art not thou my man.
That went to fetch my bowe,

Fra. Indeed a bowe,
Might shoote me ten bowes downe the weather so,
I your man. *Ra.* What art thou then?

Hollow within Phillip and Will.

Fran. A man, but whats thy name?

Rap. Some call me *Raph*.

Ra. Well said familiar *Will*, plaine *Raph* I faith,
Fran. There calles my man.
Ra. But there goes mine away.
And yet Ile heare what the next man will say,
And here Ile tarrie till he call again.
Wil. So ho. *Fran.* So ho, where art thou *Phillip*,
Wil. Sblould *Phillip*,
But now he clade mé Francis, this is fine
Fran. Why studiest thou? I prethy tell me *Philip*.
Where the wench is.
Wil. Euen now he askt me *Francis* for the wench,
And now he aske me *Phillip* for the wench,
Well sir *Raph*, I must needes tell ye now,
Tis not for your credit to be foorth,
So late a wenching in this order
Fran. Whats this, so late a wenching doth he say?
Indeed tis true, I am thus late a wenching,
But I am fore'st to wench without a wench.
Wil. Why then you might haue tane your bow at first,
And gone and kilde a bucke, and not haue been
So long a drabbing, and be nere the neere.
Fran. Swounds what a pussell am I in this night,
But yet Ile put this fellow farther,
Dooft thou heare man? I am not sir *Raph Smith*.
As thou dooft thinke I am, but I did meete him,
Euen as thou saiest in pursuite of a wench.
I met the wench to, and askt for thee,
Saying twas thou that wert her loue, her deare,
And that sir *Raph* was not an honest Knight,
To traine her thether, and to vse her so.
Wil. Sbloud my wench, swounds were he ten sir *Raphs*,
Fran. Nay tis true, looke to it, and so farewell. *Exit.*
Wil. Indeed I do loue Nan our darie maide,
And hath he traine her forth to that intent?
Or for another, I carrie his crosse bow,
And he doth crosse me, shooting in my bow,
What shall I do? *Enter* Phillip
Phillip. So ho? *Raph.* So ho,
Phil. Francies art thou there?
Ra. No heres no Francis, art thou Will my man?

Phi. Will foole your man, will gose your man,
My backe sir scornes to weare your liuerie.
Raph. Nay sir I mooude but such a question to you,
Had it hath not disparegd you I hope,
Twas but mistaking, such a night as this
May well deceiue a man, God boye sir.
Phil. Gods will tis sir Raph Smith, a vertuous knight,
How gently entertaines he my hard answer?
Rude anger made my tongue vnmannerly,
I crie him mercie, well, but all this while,
I cannot finde a Francis, Francis ho?
Wil. Francis ho, o you call Francis now,
How haue ye vsde my Nan? come tell me how?
Phil. Thy Nan, what Nan?
Wil. I, what Nan now, say, do you not seeke a wench?
Phi. Yes I do.
Wil. Then sir that is she.
Phi. Art not thou I met withall before?
Wil. Yes sir, and you did counterfeit before,
And said to me you were not sir Raph Smith,
Phil. No more I am not, I met sir Raph Smith,
Euen now he askt me if I saw his man.
Wil. O fine.
Phi. Why sirra thou art much deceiued in me,
Good faith I am not he thou thinkst I am.
Wil. What are ye then?
Phi. Why one that seekes one Francis and a wench.
Wil. And Francis seekes one Phillip and a wench:
Phil. How canst thou tell?
Wil. I met him seeking Philip and a wench,
As I was seeking sir Raph and a wench.
Phil. Why then I know the matter, we met crosse,
And so we mist, now here we finde our losse,
Well, if thou wilt, we two will keepe togither,
And so we shall meet right with one or other,
Wil. I am content, but do you heare me sir?
Did not sir Raph Smith aske yee for a wench?
Phi. No I promise thee, nor did he looke for any
But thy selfe, as I could gesse.
Wil. Why this is strange, but come sir lets away,

I feare

I feare that we shall walke here till it be day. *Exeunt.*

Enter Boy. O God I haue runne so far into the winde, that I haue runne my selfe out of winde, they say a man is neere his end when he lackes breath, and I am at the end of my race, for I can run no farther then here I be in my breath bed, not in my death bed.

Enter Coomes.

Coom. They say men moyle and toile for a poore liuing, so I moyle and toile, & am liuing I thanke God, in good time be it spoken, it had been better for me my mistresse angell had beene light, for then perhaps it had not lead me into this darknesse, well, the diuell neuer blesses a man better, when he purses vp angels by owlight, I ranne through a hedge to take the boy, but I stuck in the ditch, and lost the boy: swounds a plague on that clod, that Mowl-hill, that ditch, or what the deuil so ere it were, for a man cannot see what it was, well, I would not for the prize of my sword & buckler, any body should see me in this taking, for it would make me but cut off their legges for laughing at me, well, downe I am, and downe I meane to be, because I am wearie, but to tumble downe thus, it was no part of my meaning, then since I am downe, here ile rest me, and no man shall remooue me. *Enter* Hodge.

Hodg. O I haue sport in coney I faith, I haue almost burst my selfe with laughing at mistresse Barnes, she was following of her daughter, and I hearing her, put on my fellow Dickes sword and bucklers voyce, & his swounds & sbloud words, and led her such a daunce in the darke as it passes, heere she is quoth I, where quoth she? here quoth I, O it hath been a braue here & there night, but O what a soft natured thing the durt is? how it would endure my hard treading, and kisse my feet for acquaintance, and how courteous and mannerly were the clods, to make me stumble onlie of purpose to entreate me lie downe & rest me, but now and I could find my fellow Dicke, I would play the knaue with him honestly I faith, Well, I will grope in the darke for him, or ile poke with my staffe like a blinde man, to preuent a ditch. *He stumbles on* Dick Coomes.

Coom. Whose that with a poxe?

Hod. Who art thou with a pestilence.

Coom. Why I am Dick Coomes?

Hodg. What haue I found thee Dicke? nay then I am for yee Dicke, Where are ye Dicke?

Coom. What can I tell where I am?

Hodg. Can yee not tell, come, come ye waight on your mistreffe well, come on your wayes, I haue sought you till I am wearie, and calde ye till I am hoarse, good Lord what a ia[illegible] haue had this night, hey ho?

Coom. Ist you mistresse that came ouer me, sbloud twere a good deed to come ouer you for this nights worke, I cannot affoord all this paines for an angell I tell ye true, a kisse were not cast away vpon a good fellow, that hath deserued more that way then a kisse, if your kindnesse would affoord it him, What shall I haue it mistresse?

Hodg. Fie, fie, I must not kisse my man.

Coom. Nay, nay, nere stand, shall I, shall I, no body sees, say but I shall, and ile smack yee soundly I faith.

Hodg. Away bawdie man, in trueth Ile tell your maister.

Coom. My master, go to, neere tell me of my maister, he may pray for them that may, he is past it, and for mine own part, I can do somewhat that way I thanke God, I am not now to learne, and tis your part to haue your whole desire.

Hod. Fie, fie, I am ashamed of you, would you tempt your mistresse to lewdnesse.

Coom. To lewdnesse, no by my troth, thers no such matter in't, it is for kindnesse, & by my troth if you like my gentle offer, you shall haue what courteously I can affoord ye.

Hod. Shall I indeed Dicke? I faith, if I thought no body would see.

Coom. Tush, feare not that, swones they must haue Cattes (eyes then.

Hod. Then kisse me Dick.

Coom. A kinde wenche I faith, where are yee mistresse?

Hodge. Heere Dick, o I am in the darke, Dick go about.

Coom. Nay, ile grope sure, where are yee, *Hodge.* Heere,

Coom. A plague on this poast, I would the Carpenter had bin hangd that set it vp so, where are yee now?

Hod. Heere. *Exit.*

Coo, Here, o I come, a plague on it, I am in a pond mistres.

Hod. Ha, ha, I haue led him into a pond, where art thou Dick?

Coomes. Vp to the middle in a pond.

Hodge.

Hod. Make a Boate of thy Buckler then, and swim out, are yee so hot with a pox? would you kisse my mistresse, coole ye there then good Dick Coomes, o when he comes forth the skirts of his blew coate will dropp like a paint-house, O that I could see and not be seene, how he would Spaniell it, and shake himselfe when he comes out of the pond, but ile be gone, for now heele fight with a flye, if he but buz in his eare. *Exit.*

Enter Coomes.

Coom Heeres so hoing with a plague, so hang and ye wil for I haue bin almost drownd, a pox of your lips, and ye call this kissing: yee talke of a drownd Rat, but twas time to swim like a dog, I had bin serued like a drownd Cat els, I would he had didg his graue that digd the pond, my feete were foule indeed, but a lesse pale then a pond would haue serued my turne to wash them: a man shall be serued thus alwayes, when he followes any of these females, but tis my kinde heart that makes me thus forward in kindnes vnto them, well God amend them, and make them thankfull to them that would do thē pleasure, I am not drunke I would ye should know it, and yet I haue drunke more then will do me good, for I might haue had a Pumpe set vp, with as good March Beere as this was, and nere set vp an Ale bush for the matter: well I am somwhat in wroth I must needs say, and yet I am not more angrie then wise, nor more wise then angrie, but ile fight with the next man I meete, and it be but for luck sake, and if he loue to see him selfe hurt, let him bring light with him, ile do it by darkling els by gods dines, well heere will I walke whosoeuer sayes nay.

Entter Nicholas.

Nic. He that worse may must holde the Candle, but my Maister is not so wise as God might haue made him, he is gone to seeke a Hayre in a Hennes nest, a Needle in a Bottle of Haye, which is as sildome seene as a black Swan: he is gone to seeke my yong Mistresse, and I thinke she is better lost then found, for who so euer hath her, hath but a wet Eele by the tailo, but they may do as they list, the law is in their owne hands, but and they would be ruld by me, they should set her on the Leland, and bid the Diuell split her, beshrew her fingers, she hath made me watch past mine

hower, but Ile watch her a good turne for it.

Coom. How, whose that *Nicholes*? so first come first serud, I am for him: how now prouerbe, prouerbe, sbloud howe now prouerbe?

Ni. My name is Nicholas, Richard: and I knowe your meaning, and I hope ye meane no harme: I thanke ye I am the better for your asking.

Coo. Where haue you been a whoring thus late, ha?

Ni. Master Richard the good wife would not seeke her daughter in the Ouen vnlesse she had bin there her self, but good Lord you are knuckle deep in durt, I warrant when he was in, he swore Walsingham, & chaft terrible for the time, looke the water drops from you as fast as hops.

Coom. What needst thou to care, whippet-Ienny, Tripe-cheekes, out you fat asse.

Ni. Good words cost nought, ill wordes corrupts good manners Richard, for a hasty man neuer wants woe, & I had thought you had bin my friend, but I see al is not gold that glisters, ther's falshood in fellowship, *amicus certus in re certa cernitur*, time & truth tries all, & tis an olde prouerbe, & not so old as true, bought wit is best, I can see day at a litle hole, I know your minde as well as though I were within you, tis ill halting before a criple, go to, you seek to quarrel but beware of had I wist: so long goes the pot to the water at length it comes home broken, I know you are as good a man as euer drew sword, or as was ere girt in a girdle, or as ere went on Neats leather, or as one shal see vpō a summers day, or as ere lookt man in the face, or as ere trode on gods earth, or as ere broke bread, or drunk drinke: but he is proper that hath proper conditions, but be not like the Cowe that giues a good sope of milke and castes it downe with her heeles. I speake plainly, for plaine dealing is a Iewel, & he that vseth it shal dye a begger, well, that happens in an houre, that happens not in seauen yeeres, a man is not so soone whole as hurt & you should kill a man, you would kisse his: well, I say little, but I thinke the more, yet Ile giue him good words, tis good to hold a candle before the deuell, yet by Gods me, Ile take no wrong, if he had a head as big as Brasse, or lookt as high as Poules steeple.

Coo. Sirra, thou Grashoper, that shalt skip from my sword

as

as from a Sith, Ile cut thee out in collops & egs, in sleekes, in sliste beefe, and fry thee with the fire, I shall strike from the pike of thy Buckler.

Nich. I, brag's a good dog, threatned folkes liue long.

Coo. What say ye sir?

Nic. Why I say not so much as how do ye.

Coo. Doe ye not so sit?

Nic. No indeed, what so ere I thinke, and thought is free.

Coo. You whoreson Wafer-cake, by Gods dines ile crush yee for this.

Ni. Giue an inch and youle take an elle, I wil not put my finger in a hole I warrant ye, what man, nere crow so fast, for a blinde man may kill a Hare, I haue knowne when a plaine fellow hath hurt a Fencer, so I haue: What, a man may be as slow as a Snaile, but as fierce as a Lyon, and he be mooued: Indeed I am patient I must needs say, for patience in aduersity, brings a man to the three Cranes in the Ventree.

Coo. Do ye heare, set downe your Torch, draw, fight, I am for ye.

Ni. And I am for ye too, though it be from this midnight to the next morne.

Coo. Where be your tooles?

Nic. Within a mile of an oake sir, hee's a proud horse will not carry his owne prouender, I warrant ye.

Coo. Now am I in my quarrelling humor, and now can I say nothing but sownes draw, but ile vntrus, & thē haue to it. *Enter* Hodge *and* Boy.

Hod. Whose there, Boy? honest Boy, well met, where hast thou bin.

Boy. O Hodge, Dicke Coomes hath bin as good as a crye of Hounds, to make a breathd Hayre of me, but didst thou see my master?

Hod. I met him euen now, and he askt me for thee, and he is gone vp and downe, whoing like an Owle for thee.

Boy. Owle, ye Asse.

Hod. Asse, no nor glasse, for then it had been Owleglasse, but whose that boy?

Bo. By the masse tis our Coomes & Nicholas, & it seemes they are prouiding to fight.

Hod.

Hod. Then we shall haue fine sport, I faith sirra, lets stand close, and when they haue fought about or two, weele run away with the torch, & leaue thē to fight darkling, shal we?

Boy. Content, Ile get the Torch, stand close,

Coo. So now my back hath roome to reach, I doe not loue to be lac't in, when I goe to lace a rascall, I pray God Nicholas prooue not a fly: it would do me good to deale with a good man now, that we might haue halfe a dozen good smart stroakes, ha I haue seen the day, I could haue daunst in my fight, on, two, three foure & fiue, on the head of him six, seauen, eight, nine & ten, on the sides of him, & if I went so far as fifteene, I warrant I shewed him a trick of one and twentie: but I haue not fought this foure dayes, & I lacke a little practise of my warde, but I shall make a shift, ha close, are ye desposed sir?

Nic. Yes indeed I feare no coulers, change sides Richard.

Coo. Change the gallowes, Ile see thee hangd first.

Nich. Well, I see the foole wil not leaue his bable for the Tower of London.

Coo. Foole ye Roge, nay then fall to it.

Nic. Good goose bite not.

Coo. Sbloud how pursey I am, well I see exercise is all, I must practise my weapons oftner, I must haue a goale or two at Foote-ball, before I come to my right kind, giue me thy hand Nicholas, thou art a better man then I took thee for, and yet thou art not so good a man as I.

Ni. You dwell by ill neighbors Richard, that makes yee praise your selfe.

Coo. Why I hope thou wilt say I am a man.

Ni. Yes Ile say so, if I should see you hangd.

Coo. Hangd ye Roge, nay then haue at yee, swounes the light is gone.

Ni. O Lord, it is as darke as Pitch,

Coo. Well heere Ile lye with my buckler thus, least striking vp and downe at randall, the roge might hurt me, for I cannot see to saue it, and Ile hold my peace, least my voyce should bring them where I am.

Nic. Tis good to haue a cloake for the raine, a bad shift is better then none at all, Ile sit heere as if I were as dead as a doore naile.

Enter

Enter M. Barnes *and* M. Goursey.

M.Gou. Harke, theres one holloes.
M. *Bar.* And theres another.
M.Gour. And euery where we come, I heere some hollo.
And yet it is our haps to meete with none.
M.Bar. I maruell where your *Hodge* is, and my man?
M.Gour. I and our wiues, we cannot meet with them.
Nor with the boye, nor *Mall*, nor *Franke*, nor *Phillip*:
Nor yet with *Coomes*, and yet we nere stood still.
Well I am very angry with my wife,
And she shall finde I am not pleasd with her,
If we meete nere so soone, but tis my hap,
She hath had as blind a iourney out as we,
Pray God she haue, and worse if worse may be.
M. *Bar.* This is but short liu'de enuie Maister Goursey:
But come, what say yee to my pollicie?
M. *Gou.* I faith tis good, and we will practise it,
But sir it must be handeled cunningly,
Or all is mard, our wiues haue subtill heads,
And they will soone perceiue a drift deuise.

Enter sir Raphe Smith.

Raph. So ho. M. *Gour.* So ho.
Raph. Whose there? M. *Bar.* Heers on or two.
Raph. Is Will there? *M. Bar.* No, Phillip?
M. *Gour.* Franke? *Raph.* No, no.
Was euer man deluded thus like me,
I thinke some spirit leads me thus amisse:
As I haue oftē heard, that some haue bin thus in the nights.
But yet this mases me where ere I come,
Some askes me still for Franke or Phillip,
And none of them can tell me where Will is.
Wil. So ho? *Phil.* So ho. *They hollo within.*
Hodg. So ho? *Boy.* So ho?
Rap. Sownes now I heere foure hollow at the least,
One had a little voice, then thats the wench
My man hath lost, well I will answer all, so ho.
Hodg. VVhope, whope. *Raph.* VVhose there will?
Hod. No sir, honest *Hodge*: but I pray yee sir did yee not meete with a boye with a Torche, he is runne away from me a plague on him.

Raph. Hey day, from Franke and Phillip to a Torche,
And to a Boye, nay sownes then hap as twill.

M. *Gour.* Who goes there?

Wil. Gesse heere. M. *Bar.* Phillip.

Wil. Phillip, no faith, my names Will, ill will, for I was neuer worse, I was euen now with him, and might haue been still, but that I fell into a ditch and lost him, and now I am going vp and downe to seeke him.

M. Gor. What wouldst thou do with him.

Wil. Why I would haue him go with me to my maisters.

M. *Gou.* Whose thy maister?

Wil. Why sir Raphe Smith, and thether he promist me he would come, if he keepe his worde so tis.

M. *Ba.* What was he a doing when thou first found him.

Wil. Why he holloed for one Francis, and Francis hollod for him, I hallod for my maister, and my maister for me, but we mist still meeting contrary, Phillip & Francis with me & my maister, and I & my maister with Philip and Franke.

M. *Gou.* Why wherfore is sir Raphe so late abroade?

Wil. Why he went to kill a Buck, Ile say so to saue his honestie, but my Nan was his marke, & when he sent me for his bow, and when I came, I hollod for him, but I neuer saw such luck to misse him, it hath almost made me mad.

M. *Bar.* Well stay with vs, perhaps sir Raphe and he,
Will come anon, harke I do heere one hollo.

Enter Phillip.

Phil. Is this broad waking in a winters nighr,
Iam broad walking in a winters night:
Broad indeed, because I am abroad,
But these broad fields me thinks are not so broad,
That they may keepe me foorth of narrow ditches,
Heers a hard world, for I can hardly keep my selfe vpright
I am maruellous dutifull, but so ho. (in it,

Wil. So ho. *Phil.* Whose there?

VVil. Heeres will. *Phi.* What VVill, how scapst thou?

Wil. What sir?

Phi. Nay, not hanging, but drowning,
Wert thou in a pond or a ditche?

Wil. A pestilence on it, ist you Phillip, no faith, I was but durty a little, but heeres one or two askt for yee.

Phil.

Phil. Who be they man?
M. *Bar.* Philip, tis I and maister Gourſey.
Phi. Father, O Father I haue heard them ſay,
The dayes of ignorance are paſt and done,
But I am ſure the nrghts of ignorance
Are not yet paſt, for this is one of them,
But wheres my ſiſter?
M. *Bar.* Why we cannot tell. *Phi.* VVheres Francis?
M. *Gour.* Neither ſaw we him. *Phi.* VVhy this is fine.
VVhat neither he, nor I, nor ſhe nor you,
Nor I, nor ſhe, nor you, and I till now,
Can meet, could meet, or nere I thinke ſhall meete.
Cal ye this woing, no tis Chriſtmas ſport of Hob mã blind
All blind, all ſeek to catch, all miſſe: but who comes heere?
Enter Franke *and his* Boye.
Fra. O haue I catcht yee ſir, it was your dooing,
That made me haue this pritty daunce to night,
Had not you ſpoake, my mother had not ſcard me,
But I will ſwinge ye for it.
Phil. Keepe the Kings peace.
Fran How? art thou become a Conſtable?
VVhy Phillip where haſt thou bin all this while?
Phi. Why where you were not, but I pray whers my ſiſter?
Fran. Why man I ſaw her not, but I haue ſought her as I (ſhould ſeeke.
Phil. A needle haue yee not?
Why you man are the needle that ſhe ſeekes
To worke withall, well Francis do you heere,
You muſt not anſwere ſo, that you haue ſought her,
But haue yee found her, faith and if you haue,
God giue yee ioy of that ye found with her,
Fra I ſaw her not, how could I finde her.
M. Gou. Why, could yee miſſe from Maiſter Barnſes
houſe vnto his Cunnyberry?
Fran. Whether I could or no, father I did.
Phill. Father I did, well *Franke* wilt thou beleeue me,
Thou doſt not know how much this ſame doth greeue me
Shall it be ſaid thou miſt ſo plaine away,
When as ſo faire a wenche did for thee ſtay.
Fra. Sownes man.
Phi. Sownes man, and if thou hadſt bin blinde,

The cunny-borow thou needst must finde:
I tell thee Francis, had it bin my case,
And I had bin a woer in thy place,
I would haue laide my head vnto the ground,
And sented out my wenches way like a Hound:
I would haue crept vpon my knees all night,
And haue made the flint stones Linckes to giue me light,
Nay man I would.

Fran. Good Lord what you would doe,
Well we shall see one day how you can woe.

M. *Gor.* Come, come, we see that we haue all bin crost.
Therefore lets go, and seeke them we haue lost. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mal. Am I alone? doth not my mother come?
Her torch I see not, which I well might see,
If any way she were comming toward me,
VVhy then belike shees gone some other way,
And may she go till I bid her turne,
Farre shall her way be then, and little faire,
For she hath hindered me of my good turne,
God send her wet and wearie ere she turne,
I had beene at Oxenford, and to morrow,
Haue beene releast from all my maidens sorrow.
And tasted ioy, had not my mother bin,
God I beseech thee make it her worst sinne,
How many maides this night lyes in their beds,
And dreame that they haue lost their maidenheads,
Such dreames, such slumbers I had to enioyde,
If waking mallice had not them destroide,
A starued man with double death doth dye,
To haue the meate might saue him in his eye,
And may not haue it, so am I tormented,
To starue for ioy I see, yet am preuented,
VVell Franke, although thou woedst and quickly wonne,
Yet shall my loue to thee be neuer done,
Ile run through hedge and ditch, through brakes & briers
To come to thee, sole Lord of my desires,
Short woing is the best, an houre, not yeares,
For long debating loue is full of feares,
But hearke, I heare one tread, o wert my brother,
Or Franke, or any man, but not my mother.

S. Raph.

S. *Rap.* O when will this same yeare of night haue end?
Long lookt for daies sunne, when wilt thou ascend?
Let not this theefe friend misty vale of night,
Incroach on day, and shadow thy faire light,
Whilst thou com'st tardy from my Thetes bed,
Blushing foorth golden haire and glorious red,
O stay not long bright lanthorne of the day,
To light my mist way feete to my right way?
Mall. It is a man, his big voice tels me so,
Much am I not acquainted with it tho,
And yet mine eare sounds true distinguisher,
Boyes that I haue been more familiar,
With it then now I am, well, I doe iudge,
It is not enuies fellon not of grudge,
Therefore Ile plead acquaintance, hyer his guiding,
And buy of him some place of close abiding,
Till that my mothers mallice be expired,
And we may ioy in that is long desired, whoses there?
Ra. Are ye a maide? no question this is she,
My man doth misse, faith since she lights on me,
I doe not meane till day to let her goe,
For what she is my mans loue I will know,
Harke ye mayde, if mayde, are ye so light,
That you can see to wander in the night.
Mal. Harke ye true man, if true, I tell you no,
I cannot see at all which way I goe.
Ra. Fayre mayde, ist so, say, had ye nere a fall,
Mal Fayre man not so, no I had none at all.
Ra. Could you not stumble on one man I pray?
Mal. No, no, such blocke till now came in my way.
Ra. Am I that blocke sweet tripe, then fall and try.
Ma. The grounds too hard, a feather-bed, not I.
Ra. Why how and you had met with such a stumpe?
Mal. Why if he had been your height I meant to iumpe.
Ra. Are ye so nimble? *Mal.* Nimble as a Doe.
Ra. Backt in a pye. *Mal.* Of ye.
Ra. Good meate ye know.
Mall. Ye hunt sometimes. *Ra.* I do. *Mal.* What take ye?
Ra. Deare. *Mall.* You'l nere strike rascall?
Ra. Yes when ye are there.

Mal. Will ye strike me. *Ra.* Yes, will ye strike againe?
Mall. No sir, it fits not maides to fight with men.
Ra. I wonder wench, how I thy name might know.
Mall. Why you may finde it in the Christcrosse row.
Ra. Be my Schoolemistresse, teach me how to spell it.
Mall. No faith, I care not greatly if I tell it,
My name is *Marie Barnes.*
Ra. How wench, *Mall Barnes?* *Mal.* The verie same.
Rap. Why this is strange.
Mal. I pray sir whats your name?
Raph. Why sir Raph Smith doth wonder wench at this
Why whats the cause thou art abroad so late?
Mal. What sir Raph Smith, nay then I will disclose,
All the hole cause to him, in him repose,
My hopes, my loue, God him I hope did send,
Our loues and both our mothers hates to end,
Gentle sir Raph if you my blush might see,
You then would say I am ashamed to be
Found like a wandring stray by such a knight,
So farre from home at such a time of night,
But my excuse is good, loue first by fate
Is crost, controulde, and sundered by fell hate,
Franke Goursey is my loue, and he loues me,
But both our mothers hate and disagree,
Our fathers like the match, and wish it don,
And so it had, had not our mothers come,
To Oxford we concluded both to go,
Going to meete, they came, we parted so,
My mother followed me, but I ran fast,
Thinking who went from hate had need make hast,
Take me she cannot though she still persue,
But now sweet knight, I do repose on you.
Be you my Orator and plead my right,
And get me one good day for this bad night.
Ra. Alas good heart, I pitty thy hard hap,
And Ile employ all that I may for thee,
Franke Goursey wench, I doe commend thy choyse,
Now I remember I met one Francis
As I did seeke my man, then that was he,
And Philip too, belike that was thy brother, why now I

find

find how I did loose my selfe, And wander vp & down, mi-
staking so. Giue me thy hand Mall, I will neuer leaue,
Till I haue made your mothers friends againe,
And purchast to ye both your hearts delight,
And for this same one bad, many a good night,
Twill not be long ere that *Aurora* will,
Deckt in the glory of a goldon sunne,
Open the christall windowes of the East,
To make the earth enamourde of thy face,
When we shall haue cleare light to see our way,
Come, night being done, expect a happy day. *Exeunt.*

Enter mistresse Barnes.

Mis. Ba. O what a race this peeuish girle hath led me?
How fast I ran, and now how weary I am,
I am so out of breath I scarce can speake.
What shall I doe? and cannot ouertake her,
It is late and darke, and I am far from home.
May there not theeues lye watching heere about,
Intending mischiefe vnto them they meete,
There may, and I am much affrayde of them,
Being alone without all company,
I doe repent me of my comming foorth,
And yet I do not, they had else been married,
And that I would not for ten times more labour.
But what a winter of colde feare I stole,
Freezing my heart least danger should betide me,
What shal I do to purchase company?
I heare some hollow here about the fields,
Then here Ile set my Torch vpon this hill,
Whose light shall Beacon-like conduct them to it,
They that haue lost theyr way seeing a light,
Will come to it, well, here ile lye vnseene,
For it may be seene farre off in the night,
And looke who comes, and chuse my company,
Perhaps my daughter may first come to it.

Mr. Gour. Where am I now? nay where was I euen now,
Nor now, nor then, nor where I shall be, know I,
I thinke I am going home I may as well
Be going from home, tis so very darke,
I cannot see how to direct a step,

I lost my man pursuing of my sonne,
My sonne escapt me too, now all alone,
I am enforst to wander vp and downe,
Barnses wife's abroad, pray God that she:
May haue as good a daunce, nay ten times worse,
Oh but I feare she hath not, she hath light
To see her way, O that some bridge would breake
That she might fall into some deep digd ditch,
And eyther breake her bones or drowne her selfe,
I would these mischiefes I could wish to her,
Might light on her, but soft I see a light,
I will go neere, tis comfortable,
After this nights sad spirits dulling darknes,
How now? what is it set to keep it selfe?
Mis.Bar. A plague ont, is she there?
Mis.Gou. O how it cheares & quickens vp my thoughts,
Mi.Bar. O that it were the Bessiliskies fell eye,
To poyson thee.
Mi.Gou. I care not if I take it.
Sure none is heere to hinder me,
And light me home.
Mi.Bar. I had rather she were hangd.
Then I should set it there to doe her good.
Mis.Go. I faith I will.
Mi.Ba. I faith you shall not mistresse.
Ile venter a burnt finger but Ile haue it.
Mi. Gou. Yet Barnses wife would chafe if that she knew,
That I had this good to get a light.
Mi.Ba. And so she doth, but praise you lucke at parting.
Mi.Go. O that it were her light good faith, that she,
Might darkling walke about as well as I.
Mi.Ba. O how this mads . e, that she hath her wish,
Mi.Go. How I would laugh to see her trot about.
Mi.Bar Oh, I could cry for anger and for rage,
Mi.Go. But who should set it here I maruel a Gods name?
Mi.Bar. One that will hau'te from you in the deuils name
Mi.Go. Ile lay my life that it was Barnses sonne.
Mi.Ba. No forsooth, it was Barnses wife.
Mi.Gou. A plague vpon her, how she made me start?
Mistresse let goe the Torch,

Mi.Ba.

Mis.Bar.No but I will not.
*Mis.Gou.*Ile thrust it in thy face then.
Mi.*Bar.*But you shall not.
*Mi.Gou.*Let go I say.
Mi.*Ba.*Let you go,for tis mine.
*Mis.Go.*But my possession saies it is none of thine.
*Mi.*Bar.Nay,I haue holde too,
Mi. Gou. Well,let go thy hold,or I will spurne thee,
Mi.Bar.Do,I can spurne thee too.
Mi.*Go.*Canst thou?
Mi.*Ba.*I that I can.

Enter Master Goursey *and* Barnes.

M.*Go.*Why how now woman,how vnlike to women,
Are ye both now?come part,come part I say.
M.*Ba.*Why what immodesty it this in you?
Come part I say,fie,fie.
Mi.Ba.Fie,fie,she shall not haue my torch,
Giue me thy torch boy,I will run a tilt,
And burne out both her eyes in my encounter.
Mi.*Go.*Giue roome and lets haue this hot carerie.
M.*Go.*I say ye shall not,wife go to,tame your thoughts,
That are so mad with fury.
M.*Ba.*And sweet wife,
Temper you rage with patience,do not be
Subiect so much to such misgouernment.
Mi.Bar Shal I not sir,when such a strumpet wrongs me?
M.*Go.*How,strumpet mistris Barnes,nay I pray harke ye,
I oft indeed haue heard you call her so,
And I haue thought vpon it,why ye should
Twither with name of strumpet,
Do you know any hurt by her,that you terme her so?
M.*Ba.*No on my life,rage onely makes her say so,
M.*Go.*But I would know whence this same rage should
Whers smoke theres fire,and my heart misgiues. (come.
My wiues intemperance hath got that name,
And mistresse Barnes,I doubt and shrewdly doubt,
And some great cause begets this doubt in me,
Your husband and my wife doth wrong vs both.
M.*Ba.*How? thinke ye so,nay master Goursey then

You run indebt to my opinion,
Because you pay not such aduised wisedome,
As I thinke due vnto my good conceit.
M.*Go*. Then still I feare I shall your debter prooue,
Then I arrest you in the name of loue,
Not bale, but present answere to my plea,
And in the Court of reason we will trie,
If that good thoughts should beleeue ielousie,
Phil. Why looke you mother, this is long of you,
For Gods sake father harke, why these effects
Come still from womens malice, part I pray,
Comes, *VVil*. and *Hodge* come all and helpe vs part them,
Father, but heare me speake one word no more:
Franke. Father, but heare me speake, then vse your will.
Phil. Crie peace betweene ye for a little while.
Mi. *Gou*. Good husband heare him speake.
Mis. *Ba* Good husband heare him.
Coom. Maister heare him speake, hees a good wise young stripling, for his yeeres I tel ye, & perhaps may speake wiser then an elder body, therefore heare him.
Hod. Master heare and make an end, you may kil one another in iest, and be hanged in earnest.
M. *Go*. Come let vs heare him, then speake quickly Philip
M. *Ba*. Thou shouldst haue done ere this, speak Phil, speak
Mis. *Bar*. O Lord what haste you make to hurt your selues
Good Phillip vse some good perswasions
To make them friends.
Phi. Yes, Ile doe what I can,
Father and Master Gourtsey both attend,
It is presumption in so young a man,
To teach where he might learne or be direct,
Where he hath had direction but in duety.
He may perswade as long as his perswase,
Is backt with reason and a rightfull sute,
Phisickes first rule is this, as I haue learned,
Kill the effect by cutting of the cause,
The same effects of ruffin out rages,
Comes by the cause of mallice in your wiues,
Had not they two bin foes, you had bin friends,

And

And we had bin at home and this same war,
In peacefull sleep had nere bin dreamt vpon,
Mother, and mistresse Goursey to make them friends,
Is to be friends your selues, you are the cause,
And these effects proceed you know from you,
Your hates giue life vnto these killing strifes,
But dye, and if that enuy dye in you,
Fathers yet stay, O speake, O stay a while,
Francis perswade thy mother maister Goursey,
If that my mother will resolue your mindes,
That tis but meere suspect, not common proofe,
And if my father sweares hees innocent,
As I durst pawne my soule with him he is,
And if your wise vow truth and constancy,
Will you be then perswaded?

M. Gou. Phillip, if thy father will remit,
The wounds I gaue him, and if these conditions
May be performde, I bannish all my wrath.

M. Bar. And if thy mother will but cleere me Phillip,
As I am ready to protest I am,
Then master Goursey is my friend againe.

Phi. Harke mother, now you heare that your desires,
May be accomplished, they will both be friends
If you'l performe these articles.

Mi. Ba. Shall I be friends with such an enemy?

Phil. What say you vnto my perswase?

Mi. Bar. I say shees my deadly enemie.

Phil. I but she will be your friend if you reuolt.

Mi. Ba. The words I said, what shall I eate a truth?

Phi. Why harke ye mother.

Fra. Mother what say you?

Mis. Go. Why this I say she slaundered my good name.

Fra. But if she now denie it, tis no defame.

Mi. Go. What, shall I thinke her hate will yeeld so much?

Fra. Why doubt it not, her spirit may be such,

M. Go. Why will it be? *Phi.* Yet stay, I haue some hope.
Mother, why mother, why heare ye,
Giue me your hand, it is no more but thus,
Tis easie labour to shake hands with her.

A little breath is spent in speaking of faire words,
When wrath hath violent deliuered,
M.Bar. VVhat shall we be resolued?
Mi.Bar. O husband stay,
Stay Maister Goursey, though your wife doth hate me,
And beares vnto me mallice infinite,
And endlesse, yet I will respect your safeties,
I would not haue you perish by our meanes,
I must confesse, that onely suspect,
And no proofe els, hath fed my hate to her.
Mi.Gour. And husband I protest by heauen and earth,
That her suspect is causles and vniust,
And that I nere had such a vilde intent,
Harme she imaginde, where as none was ment.
Phil. Loe sir, what would yee more?
M.Bar. Yes Phillip this:
That I confirme him in my Innocence,
By this large vniuerse.
M.Gour. By that I sweare, ile credit none of you, vntill I (heere
Friendship concluded straight betweene them two,
If I see that they willingly will doe,
Then ile imagine all suspition ends,
I may be then assured they being friends.
Phil. Mother, make full my wish, and be it so.
Mi.Bar. VVhat shall I sue for friendship to my foe?
Phil. No, if she yeeld will you? *Mi.Ba.* It may be I.
Phil. VVhy this is well, the other I will trie,
Come Mistresse Goursey, do you first agree?
Mi.Gour. VVhat shall I yeeld vnto mine enemie?
Phil. VVhy if she wil, will you? *Mi.Gou.* Perhaps I wil.
Phil. Nay then I finde this goes forward still:
Mother giue me your hand, giue me yours to,
Be not so loath, some good thing I must doe,
But lay your Torches by, I like not them,
Come, come, deliuer them vnto your men,
Giue me your hands, so now sir heere I stand,
Holding two angrie women in my hand,
And I must please them both, I could please tone,
But it is hard when there is two to one,

Especi-

Especially of women, but tis so,
They shall be pleasd whether they will or no,
Which will come first? what both giue back, ha, neither?
Why then yond may helpe that come both together,
So stand still, stand but a little while,
And see how I your angers will beguile,
Well yet there is no hurt, why then let me,
Ioyne these two hands, and see how theil agree,
Peace, peace, they crie, looke how they friendly kisse,
VVell all this while there is no harme in this,
Are not these two twins? twins should be both alike,
If tone speakes faire, the tother should not strike,
Iesus these warriours will not offer blowes,
VVhy then tis strange that you two should be foes,
O yes, youle say your weapons are your tongnes,
Touch lip with lip and they are bound from wrongs,
Go to, imbrace, and say if you be friends,
That heere the angrie womens quarrel sends.

Mi.Gou. Then heere it ends, if mistres Barnes say so.

Mi.Bar. If you say I, I list not to say no.

M.Gou. If they be friends, by promise we agree.

M.Bar. And may this league of friendship euer be.

Phil. VVhat saist thou Franke, doth not this fall out well?

Fran. Yes if my *Mall* were heere, then all were well.

Enter Sir Raphe Smith *with* Mall.

Raph. Yonder they be *Mall*, stay, stand close and stur not
Vntill I call: God saue yee Gentlemen.

M.Bar. VVhat sir Raph Smith, you are a welcome man,
VVe wondred when we heard you were abroad.

Raph. VVhy sir, how heard yee that I was abroad?

M.Bar. By your man. *Raph.* My man, where is he?

Wil. Heere. *Raph.* O yee are a trustie squire.

Nic. It had bin better and he had said, a sure carde.

Phil. VVhy sir? *Nic.* Because it is the Prouerbe.

Phil. Away yee Asse.

Nic. An Asse goes a foure legs, I go of two, Christ crosse.

Phi. Hold your tongue. *Nich.* And make no more adoe.

M.Gou. Go to, no more adoe, gentle sir Raphe,
Your man is not in fault for missing you,

For he mistooke by vs and we by him.

Raph. And I by you, which now I well perceiue,
But tell me Gentlemen, what made yee all,
Be from your beds this night, and why thus late
Are your wiues walking heere about the fields?
Tis strange to see such women of accoumpt,
Heere, but I gesse some great occasion,

M. *Gour.* Faith this occasion sir, women will iarre,
And iarre they did to day, and so they parted,
We knowing womens mallice let alone,
Will Canker like eate farther in their hearts,
Did seeke a sodaine cure, and thus it was,
A match betweene his daughter and my sonne,
No sooner motioned but twas agreed,
And they no sooner saw but wooed and likte,
They haue it sought to crosse, and crosse it thus.

Rap. Fye mistresse Barnes and mistresse Goursey both,
The greatest sinne wherein your soules may sinne,
I thinke is this, in crossing of true loue,
Let me perswade yee.

Mi. Bar. Sir we are perswaded,
And I and mistresse Goursey are both friends,
And if my daughter were but found agame,
Who now is missing, she had my content,
To be disposd off to her owne content.

Raph. I do reioyce, that what I thought to doe,
Ere I begin, I finde already done,
Why this will please your friends at Abington,
Franke, if thou seekst that way, there thou shalt finde
Her, whom I holde the comfort of thy minde.

Mall. He shall not seeke me, I will seeke him out,
Since of my mothers graunt I need not doubt.

Mi. Bar. Thy mother graunts my girle, and she doth pray
To send vnto you both a ioyfull day.

Hodg. Nay mistresse Barnes, I wish her better, that those ioyfull dayes may be turnd to ioyfull nights.

Coom. Faith tis a pretty wench, and tis pitty but she should haue him.

Nich. And mistresse Mary, when yee go to bed, God send

you

you good reſt, and a peck of Fleas in your neſt, euery one as big as Francis.

Phil. Well ſaid wiſdome, God ſend thee wiſe children.

Nich And you more money.

Phil. I, ſo wiſh I,

Nich. T'will be a good while, ere you wiſh your skin full of Ilet holes.

Phil. Franke, harke ye? brother, now your woings done,
The next thing now you do, is for a ſonne:
I prithe, for I faith I ſhould be glad,
To haue my ſelfe cald Nunckle and thou Dad,
Well ſiſter, if that Francis play the man,
My mother muſt be Grandam and you Mam,
To it Francis, to it ſiſter, God ſend yee ioy,
Tis fine to ſing danſey my owne ſweet boye.

Fra. Well ſir ieſt on

Phil. Nay ſie, do you ieſt on.

M. *Ba.* Well in my ſhe prooue a happy wife to him.

M. *Gou.* And may he prooue as happy vnto her.

Raph. Well Gentlemen, good hap betide them both,
Since t'was my hap thus happily to meete,
To be a witneſſe of this ſweete contract,
I doe reioyce, wherefore to haue this ioye
Longer preſent with me, I do requeſt
That all of you will be my promiſt gueſts,
This long nights labour dooth deſire ſome reſt,
Beſides this wiſhed end, therefore I pray,
Let me deteine yee but a dinner time,
Tell me I pray, ſhall I obtaine ſo much.

M. *Bar.* Gentle ſir Raphe, your courteſie is ſuch,
As may impoſe commaund vnto vs all,
We will be thankfull bolde at your requeſt,

Phil. I pray ſir *Raph*, what cheere ſhall we haue?

S. *Raph.* I faith countrie fare, mutton and Veale,
Perchance a Ducke or Gooſe.

Mal. Oh I am ſick.

All. How now Mall, whats the matter?

Mal. Father and mother if you needs would know,
He namde a Gooſe, which is my ſtomacks foe,

Phil.

Phi. Come, come, she is with childe of some od iest,
And now shees sicke till that she bring it foorth.
Mal. A iest quoth you? well brother if it be,
I feare twill prooue an earnest vnto me,
Goose said ye sir? oh that same very name,
Hath in it much variety of shame,
Of all the birds that euer yet was seene,
I would not haue them graze vpon this greene,
I hope they will not, for this crop is poore,
And they may pasture vpon greater store.
But yet tis pittie that they let them passe,
And like a Common bite the Muses grasse,
Yet this I feare if Franke and I should kisse,
Some creeking goose would chide vs with a hisse,
I meane not that goose that sings it knowes not what,
Tis not that hisse when one saies hist come hither,
Nor that same hisse that setteth dogges together,
Nor that same hisse that by a fire doth stand,
And hisseth T. or F. vpon the hand,
But tis a hisse, and Ile vnlace my cote,
For I should sound sure if I heard that note,
And then greene Ginger for the greene goose cries,
Serues not the turne, I turn'd the white of eyes,
The Rosasolis yet that makes me liue,
Is fauours that these Gentlemen may giue,
But if they be displeased, then pleasde am I,
To yeeld my selfe a hissing death to dye.
Yet I hope heeres none consents to kill,
But kindly take the fauour of good will.
If any thing be in the pen to blame,
Then here stand I to blush the writers shame.
If this be bad, he promises a better.
Trust him, and he will prooue a right true debter.

FINIS.

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